

Right • Living

Susan H. Wixon



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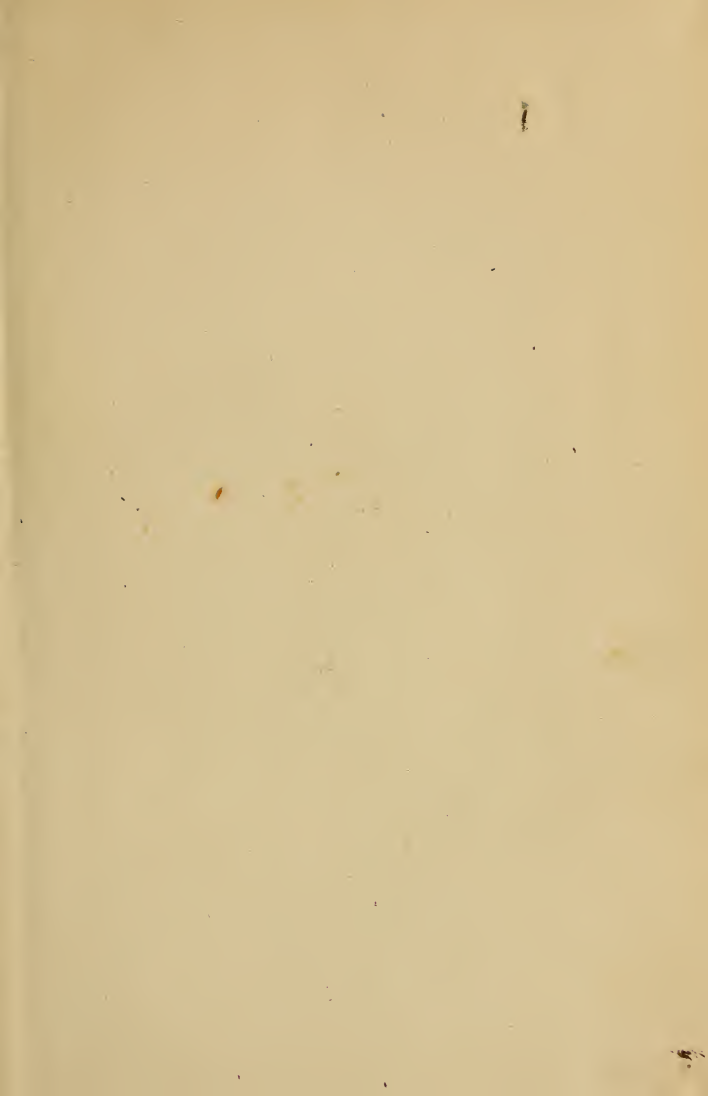


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RIGHT LIVING

LESSONS IN ETHICS FOR SCHOOLS

BY

SUSAN H. WIXON

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By SUSAN H. WIXON.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES WIXON AND BETHIA S. WIXON
FROM WHOSE LIVES AND LOVING LIPS,
WERE RECEIVED THE EARLIEST
INCENTIVES TO RIGHT LIVING
BY THEIR DAUGHTER.



PREFACE.

HUMAN experience has shown the value of right living, also, the disaster that follows wrong living. It has been clearly demonstrated, again and again, that the basis of symmetrical life is character, first, last, and always, and good character comes only from a right use of life, and a correct understanding of its duties.

Emerson says "Character is the most valuable possession and acquisition of life. Higher than intellect, and a great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think."

Moral stature is acquired by an inward growth or development of character. Aided by such precepts and examples as we have been fortunate enough to obtain, through the ministrations of others, and by our own efforts and observations.

The value accorded to an acknowledged weight of exemplary character is illustrated in a letter from President Adams to George Washington, then a private citizen in retirement at Mount Vernon, when in 1798 war was imminent with France — "We must have your name if you will permit us to use it. There will be more efficacy in it than in many an army."

Good citizenship is the aim and object of public school teaching, and is a positive demand of the State. It is the endeavor to do something toward meeting this

PREFACE.

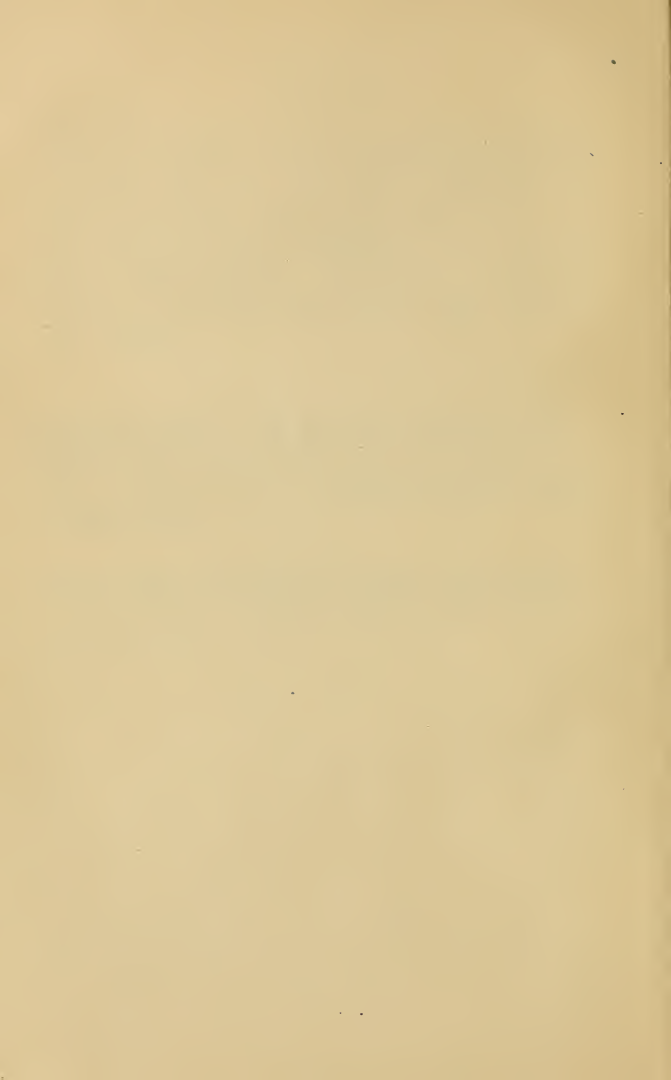
demand by bringing to the young people in our public schools the incentives to high character and noble living by kindly advice and admonition, strengthened by numerous examples and anecdotes from the lives of those whom the world has delighted to honor, that this book has been prepared. If it shall have served this purpose in any degree, the author's object will have been attained.

As with the physical, so with the ethical. A belief, as yet fitful and partial, is beginning to spread amongst men, that here, also, there is an indissoluble bond between cause and consequence, an inexorable destiny, a law which altereth not.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Living is an Art, a method of expressing great conceptions; in fact, the highest method, the noblest of the Arts.

THOMAS STARR KING.



INTRODUCTORY.

The great question confronting humanity to-day is one of ethics. Real life, how to find and enjoy it, is the most important problem of this, or any age. The most significant of all thinking, teaching and training is found in ethical lines. Without this foundation, life is insufficient and incomplete. The facts bearing upon certain rules of conduct must be impressed upon the mind as emphatically as the facts of mathematics, accepted with the understanding that they are, like the fundamentals of arithmetic, to be applied in the affairs and business of life, in order to evolve the highest possible ultimate. Correct conduct is imperative in all conditions, under all circumstances. Where it is not, life cannot be counted a success, but a disastrous failure.

Every aid should be sought to deepen and strengthen moral conviction. A wise word, timely spoken, has saved men from the convict's cell. Sound advice is the rope thrown to those in the mire of doubt and despair. It is the stairway leading from danger. Appropriate sayings, similes, bits of wisdom here and there are the golden nails that fasten facts in the memory forever. Philosophers have dropped them all the way along. Yet all wise precepts are valueless unless practically carried into use, not for one day alone, but for every day.

The highest good of the individual, the greatest

good to the greatest number—this is the high purpose of life.

How to live honestly, truly, correctly, nobly and honorably is the grand object of being.

Life consists in action, in duty done hourly. This fact understood and acted upon *is* life, wherever found. That which we ought to do and should do, is only conformity to correct action, that is, the action that gives, or, is productive of real pleasure, sincere satisfaction.

We know when we do wrong by the misery experienced, the trouble and mental disturbance that follow; or, observing the result in others, we need not experiment ourselves in wrong-doing, to be sure of the fact. We know, as well, the consequence of right action by the happiness it brings to ourselves and others.

Humanity is a unit—a body. We are parts of the whole. We cannot injure a part but the hurt is felt, directly or indirectly, soon or late, by the whole. We cannot injure ourselves, but, some one else must suffer on that account. Every one contributes more or less, in one way or another, to the general welfare. Our own interest and the interest of the whole, therefore, are identical. Hence, the necessity of the best action. In our undertakings, it is our business to inquire—will the doing of this bring peace and harmony, or will it produce pain and inharmony? If the former, I shall do it cheerfully and eagerly; if the latter, I must refrain from its performance.

It is a law of nature to do naught that imposes torture upon ourselves, because we shrink from suffering. Therefore we shun those acts that hold the sting of pain and regret.

Experience has brought the conviction that certain other courses we pursue bring joy, comfort, happiness, and leave no shame, pain or sorrow after them. How to secure this condition of human happiness to each and all, and how to avoid the other extreme of grief and dismay should be the object of all lovers of the human race.

We are constantly to try to know more of human nature, the appetites and passions, the laws of heredity, the affections, forces, environment and influences that make human beings as they are. As we learn more of the guiding and controlling powers of life, we will be better fitted to guide, restrain and direct others. It is our duty to be ready to show by actual demonstration, by example, the nobler way and the reasons for walking therein. Many would be better men and better women, better children, if they only knew how to be. Such a showing and inducing of all to adopt the way that is free from pain, vexation and despair, is true moral culture.

It has been sometimes questioned, how one should be trained who is inclined more to vice than to virtue. For instance, a child has a tendency to take things not belonging to him—how would you break him of the evil? How indeed, but by stimulating the organs of the brain bearing upon honesty and justice; by calling the blood from one set of organs to the opposite, showing the difference between those good qualities, whose action makes happiness, and the attributes of theft, dishonesty and injustice, whose action results in shame and distress? Where one manifests a disposition to be penurious and selfish, show the attractiveness of benevolence and generosity.

The circulation of the blood is swifter where a function of the brain is in action. We should aim to bring the circulation to that function of the mental system whose use is followed by health and pleasure. A faculty not stirred or aroused to action, becomes dormant, and, after awhile, inactive. Lead one to think of what he actually is, and then, make him realize, if possible, all that he ought to be, and may become. Point him toward the unfoldment of the great possibilities and capabilities of his highest nature.

Nothing that we have seen or known, is more wonderful and beautiful than the mind of man. To aid its processes of growth and development, its highest unfoldment, is the object of this book.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

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RIGHT LIVING

I.

RIGHT LIVING.

Living will teach you how to live better than preacher or book. —
GOETHE.

What is it to live? Is it simply to eat, drink and be merry?

Is it to learn a little, here and there, to laugh and play, to sleep, weep, toil and battle from day to day, and from year to year for food and raiment?

Is it to bend every energy to the acquirement of wealth, fame or position?

Is it to sacrifice all for the applause of the multitude?

Life is more than that. It has larger uses. It contains greater and grander results. It holds loftier and nobler aspirations. Its measure is flaming with the fires of truth, glowing with the gold of understanding.

Life, rightly lived is an inspiration, an incentive to high effort, a means of true and sure happiness.

He will be worthy the praise and gratitude of millions, who can impress upon the minds of men that there is more to life than just to dig and delve for food and shelter.

He will receive still greater praise and honor who

can show man how to so employ time as to get the most out of life without harm to himself, or injury to others.

Life is the great central force of everything we know or realize. Few are, as yet, able to comprehend the vastness and splendor of life rightly lived, and from which is eliminated the base crudities of human nature, that, unbalanced and unchecked, make beasts of those who wear the human form.

Our concern is to improve, strengthen and quicken the tendrils of right action; in every way possible, to bring to light the best forces of physical, moral, mental and intellectual being.

Life is not to count the days, the weeks and months, and, by their measurement, to say we are so old, or so young.

The dropping of the years is not life.

There is no age to the virtues.

The harmonies that comprise the scale and scope of right living are always the same. They never change.

Knowledge of the real, and the faculty of applying it, is that which is required to render life great and grand as the universe, glorious as eternal truth.

The capacity for right living is boundless as space.

How to make the most of life, how to live it aright, how to fill it with the treasures of knowledge, the uses of wisdom, is a goal that everyone should strive for.

Do not wait. Begin the right life now, for there is no better time, no more convenient opportunity.

But, what is right living? It is the abnegation of self, and selfish propensities. It is human helpfulness.

It is honesty of purpose.

It is a steady aim for the right—an unflinching purpose to stand by the right at all times and upon all occasions.

It is a full recognition of the power of the right.

It is enlightenment. It is conviction.

It is the courage of conviction.

It is the deep sensing of the fact of the universal brotherhood of man.

Right living is the lifting of the actual to the highest possible ideal.

It is the making of earth a better dwelling place for all.

Right living, once mastered, brings paradise to every home and heart. To make right living, there must be the deep throbbing of a sound mind in a sound body.

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood,
It is a great spirit and a busy heart,
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

How, then, shall we learn to live rightly? One method is by observing the lives of others and by noting the qualities that have made them happy, respected and beloved; and then, to apply those qualities to our own lives, as far as possible. There is no

limit to the possibilities of life in its best development. Courage gives us strength to reach toward the highest possibility. First steps are in the line of honor, usefulness, kindness, truth and affection.

Right living is the process by which we find the work we are adapted for, and the earnest doing of the same.

It is to watch ourselves as a farmer scans his garden. Do the weeds spring up? He uproots them at once. Is irrigation needed? Are showers long in coming? He finds a way to bring water to the parched earth. He seeks all avenues to bring his harvests plentiful and healthy, and somewhat improved over former years.

Said Marcus Aurelius—"Men exist for the sake of one another; teach them, then, or bear with them "

"The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer."

"Be not ashamed to be helped, for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault of a town. Therefore, if being lame, thou canst not mount upon the battlements alone, but with the help of another, accept help."

"One thing here is worth a great deal—to pass life in truth and justice, with a benevolent disposition, even to liars and unjust men."

"Observe constantly that all things take place by change, and accustom thyself to consider that the nature of the Universe loves nothing so much as to change the things which are and to make new things like them."

"We are all working together to one end, some with knowledge and design, and others, without knowing

what they do. But men co-operate after different fashions, and even those co-operate abundantly who find fault with nature, and those who try to oppose and hinder her, for the universe had need of even such men as these."

"It is very possible to be a great man, and be recognized as such by no one."

"Run through thy little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree upon which it grew."

Right living is the mastery of those things which lead to, or bring us shame and sorrow.

It is by strength of the moral nature that evils are overcome. In order to be strong to resist, and to increase and develop in all that tends to nobility and greatness of character, certain qualities of the moral nature must be trained, educated, strengthened, because moral strength, moral force is the lever that raises manhood and womanhood toward a lofty ideal. It is the practice of the virtues that renders life delightful.

II.

WHAT IS MORALITY?

The straightest way, perhaps, which may be sought,
Lies through the great highway, men call—"I ought."

ANON.

Man should do all things he knows are right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong.

PHEBE CAREY.

Inherent in the nature of man are certain valuable qualities.

The unfoldment, growth, cultivation and adaptation of these qualities to certain ends, should always be sought. Wherefore? Because such unfoldment, growth, cultivation and adaptation applied to daily conduct, tend to the betterment of man, and, also, to the well-being of those with whom he comes in contact.

Acquaintance with, and obedience to, these moral forces of life, which may be justly called natural laws, makes happiness—gives strength, beauty and character to men, women and children. What are called morals, these are to man as roots to a tree. Give the roots room to grow, good soil to grow in, and they will afford nourishment and healthy life to the tree, that, in return, yields a wealth of bloom, which, in time, changes into sound and beautiful fruit.

Cut the roots, neglect them, allow them to become diseased, the worm to fasten upon them, and the

growth of the tree is arrested, its vitality becomes feeble, the branches decay and break, the leaves curl and fall prematurely, the blossom is weak and immature, the fruit unsightly and imperfect.

Thus are morals the rootlets, the very foundation of true manhood, of noble and excellent womanhood. Give them space to stretch, increase and expand, a gracious and healthy soil, and they cannot fail to produce a grand and vigorous growth, with sweet, sustaining and attractive fruit. Omit or neglect to take especial care of those roots of life, force them to grow in impoverished ground, amid pernicious weeds that check and clog their freedom, and they become pinched, narrowed, twisted and sapless. The man is then a weakling, a starved, repulsive object, the fruitage of whose life is unwholesome, acrid and poisonous.

In living a moral life, should one be actuated by hope of reward or fear of punishment? No. Such reasons are both degrading and insulting. Animals are moral but they cannot tell why. Man should be moral because it has been proven that morality is better for health, happiness and comfort.

What should we regard as moral?

Anything that tends to the elevation and happiness of humanity is moral. Any power that lifts man from the filth of degradation, and places him on the solid ground of sound sense, good understanding and wisdom, is moral. Any influence that makes of a human being a better man, a more devoted husband, a kinder parent, a more agreeable neighbor, a truer friend, a more genial and reliable comrade, a nobler citizen, is moral. Anything that removes ignorance and substitutes knowledge is moral.

Good health is one of the requisites of good morals. A healthy body can sustain a healthy mind better than a feeble and diseased body; therefore, we should scrupulously observe hygienic principles, be true to all laws of health, and jealously guard every avenue through which might enter disease and infirmity. We should be careful as to the food we eat, and the fluid we drink, that no harmful thing may enter the system, and thus work injury to the physical, mental or moral nature, each being dependent and inter-dependent upon the other.

Conduct is the true test of character, and the various combinations and qualifications that go to make up the virtuous among men, women and children, arise from what we term morals.

The distinguishing traits that dignify, ennoble and glorify humanity are morals, and every living person is entitled to instruction in morals, because such instruction operates to develop true men and true women, honest and upright citizens; and these are the need of all times and all countries.

STORY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is related of this great sculptor, that once walking with some friends through an obscure street in Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he fell to work upon it, cleared away its filth, and lifted it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him in astonishment what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock. "Oh," said he, "there's an angel in the stone and I must get it out."

He removed it to his studio and there, with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, he let the angel out.

What to others was but a rude unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art. A mason would have put it in a stone wall; a cartman would have used it for filling in, or to grade streets; but, Angelo transformed it into a gem of art, and gave it value for ages to come. What possibilities of virtue and usefulness may we not see in a child? Do we know how to get the angel out? Are children, men and women, to be only used for "filling in," to lie amid dirt and gravel, or to stand out in the glory and beauty of true manhood and real womanhood? To the end that human beings may become real men and real women, is the knowledge and practice of morals—that they may learn to use the measures that conduce to the highest happiness and supreme welfare of the greatest number, this is morality.

III.

WHAT IS IGNORANCE?

We suffer much from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own ignorance.—RUSKIN.

Ignorance is mental darkness. We live in a cycle of free libraries. We live in the age of science. The newspaper is everywhere. Then is it not almost criminal to remain stifled in ignorance? For, if we have not the advantages of free schools, we still may have the newspapers and libraries.

Who are the ignorant?

They are the blunderers.

They are the plodders, who do the bidding of others in any menial service commanded.

What is it to be ignorant? It is to grope the way—to stumble—to see through a glass darkly—to peer this way and that, and know not the light. For example, Ignorance it was that had once a strip of rag in a cup of lard, for a lamp to read by. Knowledge, after a time, gave a tallow candle. To-day, the same science, extended, has revealed the incandescent light, flooding the spaces with brilliance and glory.

To be ignorant is to take a back seat.

It is to be pushed aside while learning and intelligence grasp the prizes of life.

We ought to be ashamed to be ignorant.

We should be still more ashamed to be deficient in moral understanding of the laws of right and justice.

Gray, the poet, wrote :

“Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.”

But ignorance is never bliss. It may stand for inaction, content, stupidity, but it is not bliss in the true meaning of the word.

No community is in a blissful state that has a majority of ignorant people. It is a concern of the general public, as well as the individual, that the people shall not be ignorant.

Why so?

Because it may be observed that where poverty largely exists, there is ignorance. Does not history prove that where ignorance prevails, especially ignorance of moral laws, there may be witnessed the decline of nations, principalities and powers?

Where there is licentiousness, wickedness, criminality, laxity in the enforcement of law, abuses of persons and property, or a foolish pride in the same, there is ignorance, real ignorance of the moral purpose of life.

This is not to say, however, that to be ignorant, in the general term, is synonymous with wickedness, for there are many ignorant people, who are as good, morally, as the most finely educated, in many instances far superior.

So there are educated persons, who, morally, walk in the very slums of ignorance.

Ignorance is in all directions. In lacking of skillful fingers, quickened thought to apply ways and means to make a living, in wastefulness of energies, in failure to find the channels of progress.

It is conceited and thinks it knows when it does not know. No one is rightly educated who walks in defiance of moral restraints.

Ignorance is a mischief maker, a deceiver, a contriver of continual mistakes.

When Alexander the Great was plundering the palace of Darius, one of his soldiers found a leather bag. It contained the crown jewels of Persia. The prize was worth millions, but what did the stupid fellow do? He shook out the glittering gems among the refuse and rubbish, and said he had found a fine sack to carry his dinner in!

Fear nothing so much as ignorance, for ignorance leads into dangers, mishaps and troubles of all kinds. It is the great evil of all evils.

There is a curious old Norse fable which relates that once upon a time the Evil One—that is, the great chief devil of all the lesser devils—was walking abroad, and he chanced upon a man engaged in making buttons out of molten lead. "What in the world are you doing?" he inquired.

"Making eyes," said the man, facetiously, and kept on gravely at his work.

"Making eyes! Making eyes!" reflectively mused the one who was said to possess an evil eye himself. After a pause he said—"Really, I dislike this evil eye of mine. Can you make me some new eyes?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply; "but you must first be bound hand and foot."

Accordingly, the devil consented, and when he was securely fastened, the man poured the molten lead in his evil eyes, and in a short time the devil died of

his new eyes in great agony, and was never seen on earth again.

When the eyes of ignorance are put out, evil will disappear.

IV.

KNOWLEDGE THE GREAT TREASURE.

Knowledge is the most valuable treasure, for it cannot be stolen nor consumed.

HITOPADESA.

The ink of Science is more precious than the blood of martyrs.

ARABIC PROVERB.

That which we know is all our own. The more we know—the more we absorb of useful knowledge, the richer we become.

Science which can be shown, demonstrated, realized, is the desirable thing.

Does not actual knowledge put to flight all extremes of error and misunderstanding?

Take a fact in Nature; prove it; it becomes yours, and not all the hyenas and bloodhounds of ignorance can take it from you. As some one has said before, "There are two most valuable possessions which no search warrant can get at; and which no reverse of fortune can destroy: they are what a man puts into his head—knowledge; and into his hands—skill."

Is there any limit to the acquisition of knowledge?

No. No certain person has gained the whole of knowledge, and no one knows so much that he may not acquire still more. Sir Isaac Newton said at the close of his illustrious life, that the great facts he had found by study and search, were but pebbles on

the seashore, compared to the vast ocean of knowledge still untouched.

We are never too old to learn, and the great purpose of life should be to store the mind with all the useful knowledge possible.

Why? Because we are thus armed and equipped to battle with the forces of error and prejudice, and in any encounter to come off conqueror. "The true victories," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "the only ones which we need never lament, are those won over the dominion of ignorance."

To *know* is to walk with kingly tread among men.

It is to be uplifted. It is to become the owner of treasures of more value than mines of gold and silver.

It is to walk in clear light.

Knowledge, real knowledge, is stimulation.

It has a million strings, by which it draws us, step by step, to fountains of living waters, the fountains that supply the thirst of all nations.

The fundamental forces of being urge on to discovery. These forces dawn with active life, and prompts the child to inquire, to question everything it sees and hears. It has a right to intelligent answers to its questions, and explanation of all it does not understand.

Nature commands that we seek to know, and knowing, to apply knowledge. Of what avail is knowledge unless applied? In a book called "Homestead Highways," the author tells of a graduate of a distinguished New England college, who could tell all about Latin and Greek roots, and, who later was graduated from a well-known theological seminary with some degree of honor, who, when his health failed, because of over-

study, went back to the old homestead among the hills and took up the plough. This man, though he knew so much of dead languages, so much of higher mathematics and of philosophy, so much of all that was choice in literature, went about his farm with his cart-axles groaning and squeaking so loudly that his neighbors might hear them a half-mile away. One day he started out with his oxen and cart for the adjacent grist-mill. He had not gone far when he met a neighbor.

"Wal, deacon, 'pears like them air wheels o' yourn air purty dry. I've hearn 'em squeakin' more this year 'en ever. Why don't yer grease 'em, deacon? Sounds kinder lon'som' like t' hear 'em whinin' up an' daown hill, an' 'cross th' fields."

"Why, sir, it *never occurred* to me, but I think it might be a *very excellent* plan. I believe father did something of the kind when I was a boy."

So, the author says, it was with everything about the deacon's farm. The things wore out, went to ruin quickly because the deacon had no knowledge of the ordinary workings of every day life. He could not decipher Nature's cost-mark.

To store the mind with dates and figures is not so important as to know how to interpret the devices of Nature, to apply that which we do know to the life we live. That which is termed invention or discovery, is only applied knowledge. We may fill our minds with huge collections of thoughts of others; but they serve little purpose unless we deduce from them new and original thoughts of our own.

The accumulation of much knowledge avails nothing unless for helpfulness toward others as well as to ourselves.

Knowledge is needed in the emergencies of life, and in the pursuit of happiness. It is craved as an incentive to gain more knowledge, and to induce others to apply for more.

For what purpose?

Surely to make living easier, pleasanter, better. To make all who come within the circle of our influence, as well as ourselves, wiser, nobler, happier, better able to cope with the emissaries of crime and the temptations that arise on every hand.

Is this not an inspiration in the search after knowledge? Does it not point to finer growth, greater activity?

How shall I teach others, you ask?

Tell in the simplest way, and by direct and appropriate illustration, the truths you have learned.

Teach that you know. That you do not know you have no right to assume to know.

No humble aid should be overlooked in seeking knowledge.

Nothing should be thought beneath our notice, even though coming outside our particular range. Unforeseen difficulties are constantly arising whereby that which we know, however simple it may be, will come in play.

It is related of Joseph Hume that after he was appointed ship's surgeon he made several professional voyages from England to India. His spare time he devoted to the study of navigation, although never expecting to be a navigator. Many years after in 1825, on his passage from London to Leith in a sailing smack, when the vessel had scarcely cleared the mouth of the Thames, a sudden storm came on. The vessel

was driven out of her course, and in the darkness of night struck on the Goodwin sands. The captain lost his presence of mind, and seemed incapable of giving coherent orders. The vessel would quickly have become a total wreck had not one of the passengers suddenly taken command and directed the working of the craft. This passenger took the helm until the danger was over. The vessel, her cargo and passengers, all were saved and the man who sailed the smack out of danger was Joseph Hume.

Thus knowledge acquired in a leisure hour saved life and property in the midst of a storm and gale.

Let no moment flit by unimproved.

A mind directed toward the inn of knowledge will not be apt to stray into forbidden paths of crime and shame, or find itself at last in the hovel of dismay and despair.

V.

CONCERNING EDUCATION.

Education should bring to mind the ideal of the individual.

RICHTER.

Education is the enlargement of perception. It is extension of thought. It is unfoldment. It is growth. It is the flowering of mind and morals. It is the means whereby character is made. It is the charm that gives gracefulness to strength of mind, extension to the range of vision, power and glory to the whole being of man.

Any other object than the uplifting of the human being is unworthy to be called education.

Is instruction alone education, do you think? Is to be able to enumerate the names of towns and cities by the thousand, to detail events from six thousand years down, education?

That is only an exercise of memory.

Education is more than an effort of memorizing.

It is the opening of latent talent, the loosing of the soil of the mind, that new roots may stir to action. It is the fact of independent acting; the awakening of dormant powers, the starting of thought, the flashing of observation, the kindling of reflection.

It is facts put to use.

It is application, enfolding the physical and mental, the moral and intellectual.

Mental development in a weak and feeble body, is like life in an imperfect and dilapidated mansion, where the roof is leaky, the windows rattling, the doors unhinged and the chimney defective. Yet, a physical development, defying disease, a muscular frame like a prize-fighter is of no great value if the mind is a barren field, a wild pasture, the moral attributes swinging and swaying in the wilderness of ignorance, untaught and uncontrolled.

Education combines the vigor of both mind and body. It holds all parts of the human system complete and able to compete with the world.

A mind enlarged by practical comprehension of all that is adapted to common every day living, sustained by principle, nourished by the virtues, is a jewel. When set in a firm, healthy brain, supported by healthful blood in a healthy body, it is, indeed, the one great prize of time and the world we live in.

Education is a flood of rich music, enriching and enrapturing all who come within the spheres of its harmonies.

Education is the changing of the ideal into the real. It is gained always by personal effort.

It is true enough that some seem not to have the energy to make the effort of acquiring education. Such must make special endeavor.

A step at a time.

The mastering of the alphabet is the key to all there is to know from books, and books are but the tools we work with, to gain much that is unwritten and unsaid.

A wealthy woman once placed her daughter in a fashionable seminary to be educated. The teacher

told the mother subsequently that it seemed impossible to fix the attention of the daughter. "She seems to lack capacity," said the teacher. "Capacity! Capacity!" indignantly exclaimed the irate parent. "Why did you not inform me before. I would have you know my daughter's father is able to *buy* her a capacity if she needs one!"

But capacity is something that money cannot purchase. It may procure diplomas, but cannot buy that which makes diplomas.

An education cannot be purchased or given.

It has to be earned in all cases, by the one who aspires to it.

There are some, who having gained a smattering of many sciences, therefore think they know all there is worth knowing. Such continually fall into mistakes.

The builders tell a rather interesting story of a Buffalo capitalist who was pretty summarily taken down for trying to set himself up as the end of all things in whatever he undertook. No matter what was on foot, if he went into it he must have all the say and nobody else was allowed even a side remark. Not long ago he built a fine brick house. In this undertaking, as in all others, he was boss and all hands, dictating to builders, architects, and all without the slightest hesitation. At last they grew very tired of the browbeating they had to stand and let him have his way whether it was right or wrong: The house was finished and shortly afterward the owner set about building furnace fires to test his heating apparatus, when behold, there wasn't a chimney in the house!

Thus, not to be educated in the real sense is at some period in life, sometimes, at frequent intervals, to be humiliated.

There is no greater harm to any country than that its government should neglect to impartially educate its children.

That government is always best that affords the best means of education, an education that is rational, substantial and equal to all.

Why should you care for an education? For what reason? Because education makes happiness.

It makes men and women of value to the world and to one another.

Emerson has told us that "men are helpful through the intellect and the affections. Other help," he says, "I find a false appearance. If you affect to give me bread and fire, I perceive that I pay for it the full price, and, at last, it leaves me as it found me, neither better nor worse; but all mental and moral force is a positive good. It goes out from you whether you will or not, and profits one whom you never thought of."

Then, when a human being is put out into the world, if he has no education, is not the community thereof deprived of a useful citizen, and, with the chance of having to provide for a pauper, or, it may be, a criminal?

Education is the basis of virtue and goodness. And shall we not favor that which shows us how to live happily and wisely?

But what shall we say to those whom circumstances seem to have deprived of the common privileges of education, or, ordinary school advantages?

Compel circumstances to give the means.

How? By not throwing away one chance though it be ever so slight.

William Cobbett, it is said, exerted a most wonder-

ful influence in the country in which he was born, England, and, also, in America. His early life was darkened by poverty and clouded by severe privation. Speaking of the same difficulties with which he was obliged to contend in getting an education, he said—

“I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of six pence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board my writing table. I had no money to purchase candles or oil; in winter-time it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn, even, at that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment that I could call my own, and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless men, and that, too, in hours of freedom from all control.

“And I say, if I, under circumstances like these could encounter and overcome the task, can there be in the whole world a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?” Of this man (Cobbett,) it is said that “early rising, temperate living, concentrated industry and health preserved by much out-door exercise, enabled him to get through a much larger quantity of brain work than any author of his day, not excepting Sir Walter Scott.”

The experiences of others, as we receive them in books and by word of mouth, are the charts by which we are enabled to shape our own course.

To become educated in its best and truest sense, is to know how to be useful to ourselves, serviceable to

society, and valuable to our country and the world.

We should strive to be well-educated, not alone in books, but in mechanical arts. The best education is that which combines instruction of books and experience, with practical work in mechanics.

He is well educated whose skillful hands are directed by a quick, clear and comprehensive mind.

Education is a Lane of Delight where one may walk at all times without weariness.

"Without education," said Luther, "men are as bears and wolves." Carlyle added:—"It is the clearest duty prescribed by nature herself under silent but real and awful penalties, on governing persons in every society, to see that the people, so far as possible, are taught—that wherever a citizen is born some chance be offered him of becoming "a man" and not "a bear or wolf."

VI.

CONDUCT: OR RIGHT DOING.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

RUSKIN.

Right doing makes right living. One may have the theory of correct life, yet if his actions do not tally with his thought, he is really accomplishing little or nothing.

Words are cheap. They are easily spoken. Their signification is found in actual exemplification.

That which we do makes character. We judge people by their acts.

Our acts our angels are if good; if ill
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

We should do right, because it is right, and because such doing brings happiness and pleasurable feelings; not in order to be rewarded, or for fear of punishment. Our firm principles of right, our self-respect should keep us from wrong or mean actions.

It is told that in the early days of the Illinois Central Railway the line was not fenced, and one day, two cows belonging to a Methodist clergymen were killed. Being sued for damages, the company resolved to make a test case of it. The President of the company directed Mr. Denton to take \$500 in gold and go to Springfield and retain Abraham Lin-

coln, whom he knew well, for the company. Mr. Lincoln replied to his request, "I am sorry you didn't come yesterday, Nick, for I have been retained by the preacher and his friends."

Denton explained fully the importance of the case to the company, and then, pulling two buckskin bags filled with gold out of his pockets, he put them down on the table before the lawyer, with a most significant chink, saying:— Mr. Lincoln, the President of the company authorized me to hand you this retainer of \$500 to take our case."

Mr. Lincoln jumped to his feet, his face flushing with anger and indignation. "Nick Denton!" he said, "I have given my promise to that preacher and his friends, and the Illinios Central hasn't money enough to buy me away from his side. I don't know that I shall ever get a dollar from him, but I'll do my best to make your company pay for those cows."

Denton said that he never felt so small and mean in his life as he did at that moment.

And in 1860, though a Democrat, he used to say, during the Presidential Campaign, that Lincoln was the noblest man in America.

Conscience tells us that it is better, not alone for ourselves, but for everybody else, for the whole world, to do the right thing. It may be hard at the time of doing it—it may be difficult to overcome temptation, but, to be true to that we know is right, is always best in the end.

To do right is the supreme reality of a moral life. It is the way to noble manhood, to glorious womanhood. It is the starry crown of human life. It may be asked, How shall we know, of two things, which

is the right? It is not always easy to discover. That which seemeth right to one may appear entirely wrong to another. True. But, if our doing is according to our highest convictions, above all prejudice, what more can be expected?

The world may often condemn our actions, may call us cranks, fanatics and worse names, but, having the approval of our own inherent sense of right, we must experience satisfaction and inward approval.

This is superior to the applause of a multitude in a popular, but false, course.

It sometimes requires a vast deal of courage to adhere to the right in face of adverse circumstances. But he, who holds steadfast to the action he feels is right and true, under all conditions, is the real hero. The great aim should be through all perplexities to discover the right and do it.

Why?

It makes a pleasant frame of mind, conditions of living happier, radiates to others, to the family and to society, joy and contentment that they could not receive from any system of wrong doing. Right doing is growing into the realm of right, where happiness and harmony prevail.

Mary Lyon, the founder and first principal of Mt. Holyoke female seminary said—"There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it."

The true test of courage is, in all circumstances, to dare to do right.

"His life is long whose work is well

And be his station low or high;

He who the most good works can tell,

Lives longest though he soonest die.

Then, as the sweet-winged moments speed,
Freight them with wealth of truth and worth;
With garnered sheaves of thought and deed,
For the glad harvest home on earth.
Sow love and taste its fruitage sweet,
Sow smiles and see the desert spring,
Sow wisdom for the harvest meet,
Sow sunshine for the joy 'twill bring."

There is one rule that has been proven in every instance.

It will hold good forever.

Its practice makes no one worse, and it never loses its power for the right. It is this: "*Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.*"

Another excellent rule is the following:—Strive to do well, to do the best possible, and rejoice if another can do better.

Pedaratus, an ancient Greek, aspired to the honor of being chosen one of the three hundred who held a certain rank in Sparta, but was disappointed. He converted his disappointment into joy, and said—"*How glad I am that there are three hundred better men in Sparta than Pedaratus!*"

VII.

VIRTUE, THE ILLUMINATOR OF LIFE.

I ought—I will love whatever is good; not because in this life every virtuous deed receives a reward, but, for the sake of the intrinsic excellence of virtue.

FICHTE.

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

YOUNG.

What is virtue? Is it not moral goodness? Yea, it is more; it is moral greatness.

The quality of virtue acts and re-acts. One little virtuous deed or thought, expressed, reaches far, and blesses not only the one from whom it emanates, but everybody else, for its influence is unceasing and omnipotent.

It is a power, felt and absorbed wherever it touches.

It invests life with grandeur and glory, and makes it worth the living.

To be virtuous is to be firm and strong.

It is to be brave, good and true.

How can the virtues be developed?

By being virtuous.

Is it not easier for some to be virtuous than it is for others to be so?

Yes. Some have greater natural love and inclination for virtue than others.

To such it is easy to be virtuous, and to walk in the

right path. Others have a singular, and seemingly natural tendency to vice. There are inherited tendencies to vice and to virtue. Credit need not be given to the one who has natural power to turn from vice, for he has exerted no strength in mastering it, but the greater triumph is to him who overcometh the natural bias, which inclines him to the opposite of virtue.

We receive much from our ancestors, far more than we think. Edgar Fawcett has said:—

“Who sees how vice its venom wreaks
On the frail babe before it speaks;
And how heredity enslaves,
With ghostly hands that reach from graves.”

You may, perhaps, say:—Society hardly recognizes the virtuous person or thinks little of him. At first sight, this might seem to be so. One who is loyal to goodness, to honor and truth, who loves mercy and deals justly, is laughed at, you say, is called “old foggy,” “greenhorn,” and “countryman,” while he who dashes into gayety that borders on wicked paths, who recklessly sows many “wild oats” is regarded as a “rattler,” a “jolly good fellow,” a “fine old boy.”

But how is it in the long run? I’ll tell you.

The virtuous youth in middle age, is found enjoying well earned peace and prosperity, while he who was known as the “rattler,” who cared little for the practice of the virtues, is engaged in harvesting, in sorrow and dismay, the wild oats that he sowed so lavishly in his younger days. Which is more respected now, do you think?

“Must we, then, have no pleasure in life,” you ask?

To be virtuous, it does not follow that one must be a recluse, sit all day in meditation, or forego all

innocent enjoyments. The over-zealous persons who cannot enjoy a hearty laugh or enter a frolicsome company, are not always the most virtuous.

It is not a virtue to turn one's back upon legitimate pleasures.

How then shall we show others the way to be virtuous?

By each individual being honestly virtuous, himself. Arrian's farewell salutation to Lucius Gellius was this: "*Be strong.*"

Why practice the virtues? and by that term is meant the rules that make the sum of all goodness. Why? Because such practice re-acts upon yourself, makes you better and happier, makes community and the world, nobler and happier, and, when you thus add to the sum of human happiness you become a benefactor of the race.

"O, you expect us to be perfect," I hear you say.

Not at all. No one is absolutely perfect. All are guilty of mistakes.

The fact that all do slip, sometime, in one way or another, establishes more fully the fact of human brotherhood, and calls for the help and sympathy that each can give.

It may be hard to keep the standard of virtue always in sight.

It is not to be supposed that any one living a human life ever did, not even our fathers and mothers. They were once boys and girls; having passed through the experience we are now experiencing, their knowledge can point the way for us. The information they may give can make our way pleasant and delightful, by showing how to avoid the shoals and quicksands.

that, if we go too near, will bring us to wreck and ruin.

Can one turn from vice to virtue?

Of course.

Any time?

Certainly.

Can there be any monopoly of virtue?

Never.

Is there any sex to virtue?

No.

Should we expect a man to be less virtuous than a woman?

It is wrong to carry any such expectation. The same virtue and nobility of character expected of woman, should be demanded of men.

The world has no right to exact more of virtue from one sex than from the other. There would be a much better state of society and better morals, if the virtues were practiced by both sexes alike.

Virtue means, if it means anything, the realization of real happiness. Said Seneca long ago, "Misfortunes, losses and calumny, disappear before virtue as the taper before the sun."

Therefore, be virtuous. Troubles and sorrows may encompass you, but the steady shining light of virtue shows the clear unobstructed path, leading out of darkness, into the realm of peace. Does it mean self-denial, a putting aside some things that are craved?

There may be pain at first, but joy followeth. No one was ever sorry for leaning to the side of virtue.

VIII.

PRUDENCE, AN ECONOMY OF LIFE.

Prudence is the virtue of the senses.

EMERSON.

We often see persons who are termed headstrong. They rush heedlessly along, helter skelter, heels over head, as the saying is, and careless of consequences. They are often at fault, often in mischief, not really because they are vicious, for they are not, or morally bad, or inclined to the wrong, but rather they are so quick to act upon impulse, that they precipitate upon the evil without consideration, or, we might say, almost, if not quite, accidentally.

Not pausing a moment, to think of what may follow, they are constantly in some scrape or another, and, thus, without intention, they bring disaster and shame upon themselves and friends.

Such persons do not possess prudence in any great degree. If they did they would act more carefully.

Prudence is simply foresight. It is the faculty that enables one to see beforehand, that which the future has to disclose. For example, here is a family, who, through sickness and reverses, have become destitute. By and by, health regained, they arrive to better fortune. Business is good and money comes in freely. To spend the gains lavishly, in the purchase of trinkets, gew gaws, foolishly buying every little fanciful article

that falls in the way, expending every dollar as soon as earned, would hardly denote prudence or foresight, would it?

For, as likely as not, sickness, ill-health may come again, work may be dull, and the family may be plunged once more into depths of misfortune with no means to cope with the new trouble. The prudent person would, having been careful, and saving somewhat of his means, feel that he had, by his prudence, prepared for any exigency that might arrive. And, indeed, if he and his, still move on in health and strength, some neighbor or friend may be in a strait to require the very aid that he, by his prudence, is prepared to extend.

Prudence enables us to think twice, even three times before acting.

Rashness seldom produces happy results, but Prudence can hardly lead one astray.

Is it not better to think calmly of that which may follow our actions, than to act first and contemplate afterward—to act hastily and spend a lifetime in repenting the action?

No one will deny it.

Cleobulus, an old philosopher said, many years ago: "Before you go home, think what you have to do; when you come home, examine yourself and consider whether you have done all well."

Why should we be prudent and careful?

Because, if we observe, we see plainly that such a course puts us in a good condition to be happy, and also contributes to the happiness of others. By a prudent course in our daily life, we make an example fit for others to follow. The right is what we are always to aim at.

There is a common saying attributed to Davy Crockett, and a very good one it is, too. It is this: "Be sure you're right—then go ahead." It never does harm *to stop and consider*. Dr. Hitchcock was once settled as a preacher in the town of Sandwich, on Cape Cod. When, upon one occasion, he was to exchange with a Plymouth minister he had to pass through a nine miles wilderness called Plymouth woods. Travelers most always got lost in these woods, and would come out just where they started from. Dr. H. on entering with some misgivings, this stretch of wood, met an old lady and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the forest so as to fetch up at Plymouth, his destination, instead of Sandwich.

"Certainly," said the old lady, "I will tell you all about it with pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some ways into the woods and then you will come to a place where several roads branch off from the road you are traveling. Then, you must stop and consider, and take the one that seems to you most likely to bring you out right."

He followed her directions and came out right.

Thus, in human life, the way is frequently, and indeed, we might say, always a tangled wilderness, with many paths and diverging road-ways. There are scrub oaks and briars, poison ivy tendrils, stone walls, fallen trees, creeks, muddy hollows, deep ravines and many blind roads, many roads, that followed, take us the wrong way, or bring us out no-where.

In the intricacies of the forest of the world, unless we have a good chart, we are apt to be lost, not only once, but several times, before we get out of the woods.

In all our travels through life's wilderness it is the correct thing to do, to take the sensible advice of the wise old woman of the Plymouth labyrinthine woods—*stop and consider.*

In the end it saves much pain and trouble.

IX.

WHAT KNOW YE OF JUSTICE?

But the sunshine yet shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And the truth shall ever come uppermost
And justice shall be done.

MASSEY.

Be just and fear not.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is certainly better to be just than unjust. You know it. All know, too, that it is better to deal fairly and justly, and wrong to do otherwise. How do they know it? They know it by the result of just and unjust acts.

Then, what is justice? It is simply doing the square thing, the being upright and honorable, the dealing as you would be dealt by. Justice is simply doing right, and approval goes hand in hand with such doing. There is the inward knowledge that always proclaims a true fact, the consciousness of a correct deed. But that which seems just to one may appear absolutely unjust to another. Why is this?

It arises from wrong methods of education, a false notion of morality, the clinging to old prejudices and deferring to the records of an age of ignorance, instead of to the light of the present, by which we should always try to guide our lives.

Justice is clear-seeing. It is clear-seeing to know justice, and to place it where it belongs by right. No

word is so much abused as the word justice. While all men applaud justice, few, comparatively, are willing to accord it on all occasions.

Why? Because men are selfish, and permit selfishness to obscure justice. Otway said, "Justice is lame as well as blind, amongst us." Is that true? No. Justice is always the same, but those who are supposed to administer justice—they are lame and blind and deaf. Hence the wrong.

Justice is a noble factor of government, when allowed to be in force. It is grand in social, political, moral life; it is great in home and school life.

The shame is that justice does not prevail—that it is not given its own place.

If, in all cases, human beings understood and practiced the law of universal justice, people would be more moral, truer to themselves and to all. No one would impose upon another, or seek to injure his neighbor or friend.

The principle of justice is unchanging. Cicero said that "the universal, immutable and eternal law of all intelligent beings is to promote the happiness of one another, like children of the same father."

If we once become imbued with this feeling it will be impossible to be unjust or unfair in our behavior toward each other.

Would you not think this the proper feeling for individuals to sustain in all relations of life? Yes.

Then, should it not be our one great concern to be fair, square, honest, upright and just in all our dealings? If we err, and are unjust, not intending, however, so to be, it is our first duty to rectify our mistake.

The law of justice is certain in the end, and sure. Nature administers her laws imperatively.

Not a rule of hers can be transgressed, that is not overtaken, soon or late, by justice, and her penalties are sure and severe. Should we not then be careful to learn her ways and obey her laws, knowing that, if disobeyed, justice is sure to administer the lash? For nobody desires suffering. Reward follows action; if right, the reward of happiness and content, and, if wrong, justice is sure to come with a scourge. "But," you will say, "people are unjust to me. I suffer from the injustice of others."

What of that? Rise superior to others. Time brings its own revenges, or, rather its retribution.

It is for you to be stronger and nobler than the one who could be unjust.

It is not the finest quality of greatness that renders injustice for injustice.

True manhood is to be just and kind to those who are unjust and unkind.

Therefore, practice justice.

It is the way to goodness, honor, strength and length of days.

A beautiful story is told that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse, that had been aban-

doned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell. The magistrate of the city, coming to see who rang the bell, found this old and starving horse. He caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as this poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food, drink, and stable.

He who loves justice will be honest with himself and with everybody else. Justice is of inestimable value. Said Socrates—"Whatever inconvenience ensue nothing is to be preferred before justice."

X.

FORTITUDE, A NOBLE POSSESSION.

To bear whatever comes with a brave mind and closed lips is a symbol of greatness. ANON.

It requires a mind of strong fibre to suffer in silence and grow strong through suffering; to bear insult and injury without exhibition of passion or outburst of anger.

It is fortitude that enables one to do that; it is a fine quality, and those who do not possess it should try to acquire it. It is a great possession.

Why?

Because it is helpful all the way through life, helpful in sickness and in health, in sorrow and grief, in reverses of fortune and perils of pain, in adherence to right, under all persecuting influences.

It gives strength and power. It is strength itself.

It enables one to face any foe, grapple with any wrong, endure any privation and bear with equanimity all suffering for the right.

It helps its possessor to be firm under all difficulties, to be brave under all circumstances.

If none had this sterling trait, it may be plainly seen that in the event of a great conflagration, in a severe panic or riot, or a sudden calamity of any kind, how difficult it would be to maintain order and discipline. People would run this way and that, unable to do

or know, the proper thing, or the right way to turn. No one could be able to direct, guide or preserve the peace in an emergency, without fortitude.

The Spartans were taught fortitude under all conditions, and some the most trying. When their sons went into battle, Spartan mothers were accustomed to say to them in parting—"Return with your shield or on it." Not to exhibit fortitude was considered a mark of weakness most unworthy.

What fortitude the old martyrs must have had when they went to the stake without flinching, to be burned. They were buoyed up by hope of reward hereafter, it is true, but, even in that case, their fortitude was remarkable. Others have been burned for opinion's sake, who did not possess this hope of future reward, as Giordano Bruno, who met his death in the same cruel way for the sake of a fact in nature, a truth as revealed to him, and, which he could not deny, a truth which is now universally accepted. Galileo did not have fortitude as some others; therefore, he recanted to save his life, although knowing the principle at stake, to be true. Socrates could go to the grave smiling and undaunted, feeling that the principles he died for were true. There are many instances on record of unequalled fortitude in the suffering for the sake of a truth, or for belief in a fact of nature.

There are many modern instances of fortitude, showing that the faculty always exists, deeper and stronger in some than in others. When one has fortitude to endure great agony that others may be saved from suffering, that person becomes a hero. The telegraph operator who remained at her post during the rising of the flood at Johnstown, Pa., facing death all the

while, was a woman of most remarkable fortitude. She stood firmly at her post, and did she not arise to the height and grandeur of a saint upon earth, when she, with firm hand, telegraphed her last word? "This is my last message. Fly for your lives." The sentences went swiftly to the stricken ones, and she, the faithful, the brave-hearted, floated down to the jaws of death. She was as true a heroine as ever breathed the breath of life, and her memory will be wreathed in glory forever more.

So fortitude is a leading virtue.

It is nerve.

It is the mother of unselfishness and devotion to duty.

It is told of Epictetus who was a slave of Epaphroditus that, one day the master began twisting the leg of his slave. Epictetus said: "If you go on you will break my leg." Epaphroditus persisted, and, sure enough, did break the leg. Epictetus, with unruffled serenity, only said,— "Did I not tell you that you would break my leg?"

Few could bear such treatment so bravely and heroically. While it is hoped none of us may feel compelled to endure such treatment, it is yet the mark of true manhood and noble womanhood to accept whatever may come to us with becoming fortitude, at the same time aiming to better our conditions in all honest ways, and by all true methods.

XI.

TEMPERANCE AND INTemperance.

It costs more to feed a vice than to satisfy a family. BALZAC.

Temperance means a moderate exercise of the natural appetites and passions. Their immoderate exercise is intemperance.

We may be intemperate in eating and drinking, and, in many other ways also; and thus bring disease, pain, penury, want and suffering upon ourselves and our friends, because our friends suffer when they see us in pain. Hence, in order to preserve health and happiness, the wise person will not be immoderate in the exercise of any passion, appetite, or faculty of his being.

As commonly understood in these days, when the word temperance is used, it is in reference to alcoholic liquors, their use and effect upon the human system. People say temperance when they mean total abstinence. And, in reference to alcohol in any form as a beverage, total abstinence is always best.

Back of alcohol is a great charnel-house, wherein lie buried in countless numbers, the fairest and brightest hopes of humanity.

You have all witnessed the effects of intemperance in some form, and can verify that which is said of it. You can testify from your own observation, for no vice is more common than intemperance, that it is the de-

stroyer of mental and moral powers. It makes man an idiot and wild brute. Nothing acts upon the brain quicker than alcohol. It is an agent of destruction, and its message is, sooner or later, death.

Alcohol, pure, is a deadly poison. Why do not people die immediately, then, from its effects? Because it is so largely diluted with water. This saves many a life from sudden dissolution. One half ounce of undiluted alcohol means instant death. The work of alcoholic drink begins at once upon the cellular tissue of the brain, paralyzing for the time being, the delicate and sensitive nerves, so that the whole body slips from the control of the sovereign mind—the limbs sway and totter, the passions uncontrolled, run riot, the moral forces are checked, and, until the effects subside, the man becomes a bleary-eyed, red-faced, slaving, disgusting fool, or else a wild, terrific, frightful maniac. The most dreadful crimes are committed under the influence of this giant, Alcohol, this demon that drives men into the worst abysses of shame, disease, crime, poverty and idiocy.

Chemists tell us that the active agent of alcohol, and, which does all the mischief, is the excrement of a minute microbe, a little animal, too small to examine, except by a microscope, and a virulent poison. Neither children, men or women, have any business with it, except for mechanical or preserving purposes. As a drink taken into the human stomach, it is a monstrous wrong and evil.

The only safety is in letting it alone.

There is a fable that the rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap near by, having seen num-

bers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said:

"It is my opinion that if, with one paw we can keep down the spring we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All ~~the~~ rats present squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor old rat with only three legs, limping painfully into the ring, stood up to speak:—"My friends," said he, "I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now, let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. *Let it alone!*"

Certainly, it is best to let liquor alone. Every good reason in the world is against its use as a beverage. You are to come into the business of the world, to be a part and portion of social, political and business life, to fill the offices and positions of trust and importance, to plead in halls of justice, to act in legislatures and in the congresses of nations, to do the work of the world, in some one or other department, and all work, lowly or lofty, is worthy and noble.

It is your bounden duty that you come to these places of trust, with a clear, cool head, a fine, healthy brain, a sound body. You are to stand for right, truth, honor and justice. You are to represent moral goodness in all its forms. How can you do that? How can you perform your work in life, if you come to it with a brain soaked and paralyzed by alcohol, with a mind stupid and wavering from its effects?

When General Harrison was running for the Presi-

dency he stopped at the old Washington House in Chester, one day for dinner. After dinner was served it was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen present in offering another said: "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?"

The general refused in a pleasant manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine, and still again. He then rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in a most dignified manner, replied:

"Gentlemen, I have twice refused to partake of the wine cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkard's graves—all through the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"

"Oh, you can drink or let it alone," says some person. "One needn't make a fool of himself with strong drink, unless he chooses."

This is false teaching.

Alcohol is an insidious foe, creeping upon one un-awares.

It resists the strongest will; if admitted once, twice and thrice, there is no telling the end.

It was never intended by Nature, as a beverage.

"All of those who, in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey," said Judge Quay, upon one occasion, when he was delivering a temperance address, "at forty years will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can

use whisky in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall man arose, and, folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said: "I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And you were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "yours is a singular case, yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whisky sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. The circumstance suggested to the colored man the idea of dipping the bread in the whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it; it worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk and lay helpless on the water. By this stroke of strategy he caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish quite unlike the rest. He partook freely of the bread and whiskey, but with no perceptible effect; he was shy of every effort of the colored man to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, car-

ried it to a neighbor, and asked his opinion of the matter. The other surveyed the wonder for a moment, and then said, 'I understand this case. That fish is a mullet-head—it hasn't any brains.' In other words," added the judge, "alcohol affects chiefly the brain, and of course, those having none may drink without injury!"

The storm of laughter that followed, drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

The lesson is obvious. If you would live rightly, live temperately. If you would have a clear, cool brain, do not clog its cells with alcohol.

Be abstemious that you may be happy. Nine tenths of the crimes, and the worse forms of disease, may be traced directly, or indirectly, to the undue use of alcoholic stimulants.

The use of such does not accord with right living or noble thinking.

XII.

IS THE USE OF TOBACCO DANGEROUS?

Thou art, indeed, the drug a gardener wants
To poison vermin that infests his plants. COWPER.

Has tobacco anything to do with morals? Yes, it has very much to do with morals, more than you think. It impairs the power of the will.

How can that be?

Have you never seen one addicted to the habit of tobacco using, when he has been urged to abandon it, who has said, "I would do so, but it has such a hold on me that I positively cannot do it." Thus, the action of the will is so far injured that the otherwise free man becomes a slave. And, certainly we should beware of that which destroys in any degree, the freedom of the will.

Tobacco lulls and dulls the sensibilities, blunts the moral nature; in many cases where used excessively, acting as an intoxicant.

It is the next door neighbor to rum-drinking.

It is an active poison and, at first, the stomach rejects it as a foreign and offensive object, causing sickness and nausea.

Physicians are free to say that it is a prolific cause of disease and death.

It injures and disarranges the nervous system, makes those who use it cross, peevish, snappish and

snarling, often paralyzing some part of the body, weakens energy of mind, and, in some cases, predisposes to softening of the brain. Dr. Drysdale has said, and he is sustained by all intelligent physicians, that tobacco causes blindness, palpitation of the heart, paralysis, disease of the stomach, cancer of mouth, lips, tongue, throat and stomach." It is undoubtedly true that the death of General Grant, the idol of the American nation, was caused by tobacco. He was an inveterate smoker, and died of cancer.

Tobacco is a taint upon the constitution of children before they are born, if parents are habitual users of the pernicious weed.

Dr. Rush said, at one time, that "were it possible for a being who has resided on this globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in use among the people of the globe he had left, which afforded no nourishment, that this weed was cultivated with immense care; that it was an important article of commerce; that the use of it produced much real misery; that its taste was extremely nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health, and that the use of it was attended with a considerable loss of time and property—the account would be thought incredible."

"But why was it made, if not to use?" is often asked.

Why was it made? Why was belladonna, stramonium made? These are active poisons and belong to the same order as tobacco. They are medicinal in their qualities as is tobacco, and the place of the latter is with the former—in the medicine chest.

No animal will touch it unless we except the creature called the rock goat who eats it like clover. But

his nerves are like iron, and he can do so with impunity.

Tobacco poisons the soil in which it grows and renders it unfit to produce wheat, corn or any of the food products.

Every woman in the land should abhor tobacco, for, from the beginning, it has been one of her most troublesome and disgusting foes. The first exportation of tobacco from this country was for the purchase of white women for wives. Ninety respectable women were imported from England to the Colony at Jamestown, Va., and sold to the Jamestown planters at the rate of one hundred and twenty lbs. of tobacco each. In 1621 seventy more women were sent over and sold for wives, and the price paid was in tobacco. Women have suffered much from this poison.

It is a costly habit and consumes a great deal of money, that might be given to much better uses. A prominent contractor who does business all over the state has employed a crew of twelve men for six months, and on reckoning up matters preparatory to a final settlement for the year the following figures were brought to light: Ten of the twelve used tobacco, and the bill for plug tobacco for these ten men was more than the flour bill for the entire crew. The men consumed fifty-three dollars worth of tobacco outside of cigars, and got along with but fifty-one dollars worth of flour. The fact seems incredible, and yet it is verily the truth.

The use of tobacco is a disagreeable and filthy habit, exceedingly repulsive to those who have no liking for its use, or, who dread its poisonous effects. So distasteful is it to those who know better than to use it,

that railway corporations have been obliged to carry on all trains, a special car for the smokers and chewers, in which they travel by themselves, so as not to be an annoyance to others by their filthy practices. Without other argument, it may be plainly seen that tobacco using is a disease-breeding, uncleanly, immoral habit, a vice that for health's sake, as well as decency, should be abolished. Why is it a vice? Is not that a vice that controls your labor, snatches your time, makes you selfish, and destroys your money and your health?

There is one great arch-enemy of the human race—it is intoxicating liquor; the next great tyrant, enslaver and enemy, is tobacco.

Criminal reports show that every six thousand out of nine thousand in jails and prisons, trace their downfall to being first, smokers of tobacco and then, drinkers of alcoholic stimulants.

Every one is a personal example to somebody else.

It is your duty to show, by your own example, the duty of others. You have no right to injure yourself by disease, or to make yourself an offense to anyone.

That which is true of tobacco and alcohol, is as true of opium, chloral, arsenic and cocaine? These drugs act upon the nerves and the brain, and are to be shunned as deadly poisons. None of these are food products, and contribute in no way to the well-being of a person in health; but they do diminish muscular strength, injure the nerves and hurt the brain. Nature speaks always against their use, and soon or late, will bring in her bill against the user of these narcotics.

Be clean.

XIII.

CULTIVATION OF INDIVIDUALITY.

Be thyself.

DENTON.

HONOR to him who self-complete, alone,
Carves to the grave a pathway, all his own,
And, heeding not what others think or say,
Asks but himself if doubtful of the way. BULWER.

Is it true that we are too apt to be copies of one another. Yes, it is true. We are imitators, and not originators.

It would appear, almost, at first sight, as if it were dangerous to walk a different path from the accepted highway. Yet there are many short-cuts across lots that bring one to town sooner than following the beaten track. But we go as others go. We do as others do, without thinking whether it be right or not.

Deviating somewhat from the well-worn way, one is apt to be frightened, and to fear he is lost.

Yet, we do not live to be exact copies of each other. Originality of action, of speech, of thought, is the necessity of the world.

Great men and great women of this, or of any period of the world's history, are always those of striking characteristics, of strong individuality. Said General Jackson on one occasion, "I will take the responsibility!" General Jackson stands out like a giant oak

amid the lowly scrubs and wandering vines of a burned forest.

Henry Clay becomes invested with the moral grandeur of a Hercules, glowing and brilliant as one of the most beautiful stars in the firmament, when he is thought of in connection with his immortal utterance,—"I would rather be right than be President!" Garrison, filled and thrilled with the justice of a cause that he knew to be right, sent forth the flaming words that will live forever, and will forever shine with undiminished luster: "I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat an inch; and I will be *HEARD*."

These men are examples of strong individuality. They left their mark, each, upon the nation.

To think for one's self, to always endeavor to act from one's own honest convictions of truth is the duty of all. It may lead sometimes to discussion, possibly, to some difficulties, complications, troubles of various kinds, for those who imitate, as a class, are quick to find fault, quick to take exceptions to one of pronounced individuality, especially, if he gives to the people a new truth. To be original in thought and expression, you fear may make you unpopular.

Fear not to be thought unpopular. It is the sometime unpopular men and women who have made this world a good place to live in. The term "unpopular" is the crown of thorns woven by the ignorant and unthinking, that, eventually, changes into a wreath of roses and laurel. To be ground into the dust by a furious mob to day, means grace and glory to-morrow.

It may be readily seen why we should strive for in-

dividuality. It is right that each should be his own self and not the copy of another. It is a belonging of nature.

Each plant, shrub, tree, flower or blade of grass grows true to its individual character. Each man, woman, child, is individualized. Of all the millions on earth, no two are just alike.

We must make our own moral standard of that which is right, and cling to that, in spite of all opposition. Why? Because thus we are showing that we have character, originality, purpose in living, and more than all, we make an example safe for others to follow.

Individuality gives personal beauty, even to plain features. One who is imbued with great independence stands out from among his fellows. He is a leader. He helps to mould the times in which he lives. He is a builder. By him individuals arise to higher altitudes. He is an inspirer. He is a stronghold. He is an uplifter of the race.

“How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all.”

The strongly individualized character inspires others with energy and confidence.

Individuality is the marked characteristic of free men. Without it, society suffers, business stagnates and nations become weak. All great reforms, all progression, is due to the individualized characters of men who thought independently of established forms and usages.

To individualize character should be a part of all teaching, and all learning.

It is not so much what the text-books give, that we are to apply to living, but the power to think and reason for ourselves; right action, good conduct, self-reliance, self-control, self-respect, the ability to judge properly, the unfolding of the faculty of independence, how to shape our lives that all resulting conduct may be for our highest welfare, and the welfare of those around us.

Goethe and Eckermann were once in conversation at Weimar upon the advantage Englishmen seemed to hold over some other nations. Goethe said, "It is very strange and I know not whether it lies in mere race, in climate and soil, or in their healthy condition, but certainly Englishmen seem to have a great advantage over most other men. We see here in Weimar only a minimum of them, and those, probably, by no means the best specimens, and yet what splendid fellows they are! And, although they come here as seventeen-year-old youths, yet, they by no means feel strange in this strange land; on the contrary, their entrance and bearing in society is so confident and quiet, that one would think they were everywhere the masters, and the whole world belonged to them."

"I should not like to affirm, for all that," replied Eckermann, "that the English gentlemen in Weimar

are cleverer, better educated, and better-hearted than our young men."

"That is not the point," said Goethe; "their superiority does not lie in such things: neither does it lie in their birth or fortune; it lies precisely in their having the courage to be what nature made them. There is no *halfness* about them. They are complete men. Sometimes, complete fools, also, that I heartily admit; but, even that is something and has its weight."

He who has large individuality comes nearest to being a whole man. They who have little individuality and who go with the crowd, who follow the popular tide, are only copies of the throng they follow.

Said Lessing, to those who would be men: "Think wrongly if you please, but *think for yourself*."

XIV.

CHARACTER; A JEWEL OF GREAT PRICE.

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. EMERSON.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character. GOETHE.

Character is quality. Character is what we are. Its unfoldment begins at birth—yes, and before birth, through our parents.

We are continually acted upon by the principles of inheritance, environment, education, association and personal influence of others.

It is our part to sustain, develop, preserve, through all changes, all trials, all defeats, all adverse conditions, as well as all successes and harmonious relations, the best qualities of our being, such as simple honesty of purpose, truthfulness, modesty, perseverance, adherence to all that we consider right and straightforward.

Nobody is perfect.

We each hold a mixture of that which is good and bad.

We are not to suppose any person to be wholly good, or entirely evil, for that would be against nature, as is seen every day. No one is too good to be imposed upon; no one is so surely given over to sin that a little good may not be found in him.

The trouble is that the good, or that which leads to good, in the depraved, is not sought for.

Reputation does not always represent character. Reputation is what society says of us.

Character is the actual, the real person. Society may give one an excellent reputation, while the true character, as exhibited at home by the fireside, may be very foreign to the description accepted by the populace outside. Illustrations of this are often seen when men are detected in embezzlement, robbery of banks, and frauds of various kinds. Outwardly they bore the most unblemished reputation, yet were engaged in wrong-doing for years, unsuspected on account of their apparent goodness, which was a falsity throughout. The inward life, the character was vile. This, however, was carefully concealed from all eyes, and hence they were enabled to deceive the public, until it was no longer possible. Then, the knowledge of the character came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, falling with startling force upon a community that had fully believed in the integrity of the person. His conduct is spoken of as a sad downfall. But in reality the downfall has been all along, only it was not known. The character was bad.

Every act we do, every thought we think, goes to form character.

We speak of a man of good character, and, it is understood at once that it is he who conforms to the laws of the land, observes the moral laws as well, and does, in a word, that which his conscience tells is right and just.

He who deals justly, loves mercy, and tries, according to his circumstances, to make happiness wherever he goes, is certainly a man of good character.

A man of bad character impresses us at once, and instantly, as one who does not obey the laws, social, civil or moral, does not strive to create happiness, or care for the well-being of any one except himself. Sometimes, the mistake is made, in calling one who does not believe exactly as we do, or does not conform to our methods, a person of bad character. This is altogether wrong, as you see at once. Such may be just as good as another whom we may think highly of, because he agrees with us in our views. He may have his own ideas of things, and decline to follow in our line, yet in the end, he may accomplish more good than we ourselves.

We often hear the terms "crank," "fanatic," "extremist," and words of like import used as a sneer or slur against good, honest, well-meaning individuals. The character of these may be above reproach, but they are ostracised on account of some opinion different from the common run.

It sometimes happens that these very cranks and fanatics, may possess the one thing wanted to make humanity happier, and really are the benefactors of society. For example, the martyrs, the inventors, the reformers of all ages, despised by the age in which they lived, have in the next epoch been almost deified and idolized.

"Thus the demons of our sires
Become the saints whom we adore."

Instead of "cranks," those who bring other truths to the surface should be termed Originals, and ought to be treated with respect and kindness, as indeed, should every human creature.

Staunch character is the need of all cities, towns

and villages. Why? Because good character is that which makes all places and all people better.

We should endeavor to keep the best character possible.

Our conduct is far-reaching.

It touches here and there, on all sides.

One act stretches and spreads in ever widening circles, on and on, until its end is lost in still larger ways.

"We are builders and each one
Should cut and carve as best he can,
Every life is but a stone,
Every one shall hew his own,
Make or mar shall every man."

Is it not more pleasing to live in a community with men and women of good character, than with the evil-disposed and vile?

Certainly.

Do we not always feel better when our acts,—and these make character—are good?

Should it not be our aim, then, to sink that which is low and belittling, that which is an offense and hurtful, out of sight, and rise to the heights of true nobility and uprightness of character?

How can it be done?

By a constant striving after that which we know to be good. By aiming at and securing honesty, sobriety, truth, gentleness, kindness and amiability.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise—
Act well your part there all the honor lies."

How do we grow in character? By the little things—the things that seem small in themselves, and of little value.

"We rise by things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain;

By the pride deposed and passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

We should be reliable, straightforward, faithful to all requirements, because experience shows that is the best course, best for individuals, best for society. Our statements should bear always the seal of truth. The man of good character is the honest man, the useful member of society, the sterling man. In the family, in the community, in business life, everywhere, he is the man to be relied upon, the man to be trusted. In politics, he is not "on the fence;" as the saying is, but he is on the side that appears to him right, and in every relation of life he is found on the right side, there and there only, and no temptation can lure him from it.

XV.

IDLENESS; ANOTHER NAME FOR LOSS.

Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

It is astonishing that any one can squander away in absolute idleness one moment of that smallest portion of time allotted to us in this world.

CHESTERFIELD

Idleness means loss. He who is prodigal of time, fooling it away, trifling with passing golden moments, will some day come to the husks from which the kernel has escaped.

Action is a demand of the times.

He who is not urged on by the rushing tide of activity is sluggish indeed.

An Italian philosopher called time his estate. It is an estate which we all inherit. Use it, employ its moments, cultivate its vast territory, and you have wealth at your command; wealth of knowledge, wealth of intellect, wealth of money, wealth of happiness, and a degree of comfort, unknown without such cultivation of this great estate.

Idleness breeds mischief as well as discontent. You know the old proverb—"Satan (evil) finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." To keep out of mischief, out of harm and harm's way, is then, to be employed in useful work.

It is told of an old sea-captain that when on board ship there was nothing else to do, he would set his

men to scour the anchor! They, no doubt, thought it a great hardship, but, it may have kept them from something worse, perhaps.

Application is a necessity, and to persist in being idle in a world full of work, is the greatest extravagance of time.

In the world, is the idle man the successful one? No. Is the idle scholar in school the one at the head of his class? Never.

The great advantages of life that bless us to-day have been attained not by dullards and idlers, but by the workers. Some one has said that there is no such thing as great genius, but that which is called genius comes from the employment of time in hard work and plenty of it. True, there are some dull people who seem never to get on. There is always some cause, some physical or mental reason for this. We should try and find it, remove it, if possible, and the mind will then become active enough. It is told that a Spanish boy long tried to master his studies, but all in vain. He was dull and idle, too. He seemed to have no inclination to study and yet realized the importance of learning. At last, driven to despair by the severity of his teacher he ran away from his father's home.

Tired with long wandering and hungry, he sat down to rest by the margin of a well, when, suddenly his eye was caught by the deep furrow in the stone. A girl presently approached to draw a pail of water. "What makes the ridge in the stone?" he asked. She told him it was made by the constant attrition of the rope. The boy looked at it long and reflectively. "Now," said he, "if, by daily use, the soft rope can thus penetrate the hard stone, surely if I try hard

enough, I can overcome the dullness of my brain. He rose up, and went back to his father's house and to school, labored with redoubled earnestness and all diligence. He lived to be the great St. Isadore of Spain, and a very learned man. Some who find it hard to excel in books, yet have mechanical ingenuity and skill in the use of tools. To find the natural bent of a child and direct it where Nature seems to point, is a great achievement. The best scholars will always be those who combine intellectual work with mechanical labor.

We are in the world to improve ourselves and fill time with happy, useful and agreeable employments, for, in active endeavor, mental or physical, is true happiness. Each one should add to the sum of labor.

Inertia is death.

Idleness is cruelty to ourselves and to others. It deprives us of the pleasure that arises from well-spent time, and adds to the burdens of others, who not only do their own work, but ours, too.

It is the nature of the human being, when well-balanced, to employ himself in some occupation, as it is also that of lesser creatures, notably the bee and the ant, who give many lessons to more intelligent beings.

To be out of work is to be out of place.

To be idle is to be indolent.

In school, the studies seem hard and disagreeable to some. They cannot see the use of so much study. After a while, though, it will be apparent, and then will come useless regrets that time had not been better employed in early years.

A certain king, it is said, used to regret with great

bitterness the deficiency of his education when in company with men and women of culture. He reproached the memory of those who had indulged him in idleness, and said, with bitter sarcasm, "Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?"

There are better ways out of idleness than to be whipped out. Reason tells us that application, trying is the only high road out of slothful habits.

"Oh, papa," said Johnny, "need I go to school? I had rather be idle, no, I'd rather play in the forest."

"John," said the father, "how did we fell the big tree the other day?"

"A stroke at a time, and keeping at it," answered the boy. "Yes, a word at a time and keeping at it makes a good reader, a sum at a time and keeping at it will make one good at figures. A patient keeping at it makes a good scholar. And which is better to have around in the school, the house, in the town, in the world, the good scholar or the idle boy?"

"The good scholar, of course," said Johnny. "I guess I had better go to school."

But one needs rest at times. Surely, but there is rest in change of employment, not in idleness. Congenial occupation is restful and inviting. Despondency is often induced by idleness. There is pleasure in labor, physical and mental, and the happy individual is he or she who finds work of some kind to fill every available hour in life. The idle have no place in the busy world in which we live to-day.

XVI.

INDUSTRY THE STAFF OF LIFE.

In every rank, or great, or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

GAY.

Industry is the mother of success. Without it, the world would be a dull and barren place. A most excellent training is an industrial one; when coupled with moral culture and a good education, one is then qualified for a useful, noble and worthy career.

Without industry there is no absolute and genuine growth. The bread we earn by the sweat of the brow is the sweetest morsel ever taken into the mouth.

Industry, work with the hands, is as necessary as mental labor. The two should go hand in hand.

Independence secured by one's own exertion is the only real independence. Those who have made this world a good place to live in, who have made it agreeable for us who live to-day, were, and are, the toilers.

They who are doing more in the present, toward perfecting and glorifying this earth for the children who are yet to come, are the workers.

Shut down the workshops, close the factories, stop the steam-engines, block the ports of commerce, cover the mines, let the farms run to waste, and we should find ourselves in a dead world.

The millions of men and women who keep the ma-

chinery upon the globe in action, are the kings and queens, worthy to wear the badges of royalty.

It is not common that the hard workers get into sinful ways of living.

The industrious are the moral, as a rule.

There seems to be something in work that puts a stop to depraved and degraded habits and subdues the passions that lead one astray.

It is when people think they can live above labor that depravity and wrong-doing begin to show their baleful influences.

One whose hours are completely filled with honest, useful work, and plans for work, (rest even, the best rest is found often in mere change of employment,) has little time to devote to evil pursuits.

The most famous names are names of those who commenced, and went through life as willing workers; who kept steadily at it through the years, to the end.

Industry quickens the intellect; hence in the workshops are often found profound thinkers, the peers in mental capacity, of members of Parliament or the American Congress.

That industry sharpens the intellectual forces may easily be proven.

When thought is slow, and the mental task puzzling, the student who puts by books and problems, and turns to some physical exercise for a couple of hours, will find himself refreshed by this relief of the mind, and can go back to his books with new energy, and accomplish his undertaking without difficulty.

Try it.

No employment that is useful and honest should be considered menial. Abraham Lincoln split rails in

his youth. John Bunyan was a tinker. Benjamin Franklin a printer. James Watt and George Stephenson, whose names are associated with the invention of the steam-engine, were, the former a worker on mathematical instruments, and the latter a fireman on an engine. Faraday was a bookbinder. Richard Arkwright was a barber, but he was a great worker, a man of wonderful energy and determination, accomplishing much in the face of many trying obstacles. Carlyle was an indefatigable worker, and never gave up under any circumstance, however discouraging.

When Carlyle had finished the first volume of his French Revolution, he loaned the MS. to a literary neighbor to read and give his opinion of the same.

By some oversight it slipped from his friend's table and was left lying on the floor. Time went on, and Carlyle sent for his MS. as the printers were clamorous for "copy."

On inquiring for the papers, lo, and behold, it was found that the serving maid, supposing the precious MS. to be only a bundle of waste paper, had taken it to light the kitchen and parlor fires with! Imagine the consternation of Thomas Carlyle when this answer was returned to him! Tongue cannot describe his dismay and despair. But what did he do? Sit down and repine over it? No. He resolutely turned to and re-wrote the whole of it, and this with no draft, only the facts and ideas that were stored in his memory.

In the first place it had been a pleasure to write the book; but, it was far from pleasant to write, after such a cruel and distressing circumstance. But he applied himself to his work and finished it.

Indomitable energy in the face of adverse influences

is a great faculty to possess, and he who has it may well be proud; he who has it not, should strive to cultivate it. Energy and industry are the greatest helps in the world, to every one. They are the best aids to good morals, happy life, the extension of moral good and happiness to others.

The example of our good habits is an incentive to others. The tide of industry rushes along its course, and he who is not at work steering his own bark, must necessarily drift, a shiftless, idle, unhappy creature, of no use to himself or any one else. Some think it is the mark of a gentleman to do no work. Such is not the case, but the reverse.

When Benjamin Franklin went to England, it is said that he took with him a negro servant who was much interested in the industrious habits of the people of the country. At Bath he even saw the dogs at work turning the spit.

"Ah," he said, "everything work massa, in dis country! Water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work, man work, ox work, horse work, donkey work. Everything work but one thing; only one gentleman in England."

"And who is the gentleman, Samby?" his master asked.

"De pig, massa. He eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day. He be de only gentleman in England!"

Zimmerman says, "If industry is no more than habit, it is an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin in human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, conquers all the rest. All good principles must stagnate without mental activity."

XVII.

VALUE OF A TRADE.

There are two most valuable possessions which no search warrant can get at; and which no reverse fortune can destroy: they are what a man puts into his head—knowledge, and into his hand—skill.

ANON

Many graduates from institutions of learning, find to their dismay, that they are quite incapable of earning a living.

There is a great scramble for academic and collegiate honors, but it is a question whether these honors are the very best in the world to be striven for or attained. Are not the avenues demanding this sort of knowledge already full and running over with applicants?

Many who have spent years in mastering collegiate studies are obliged to stand in the background while the boy who has secured a trade goes ahead prospering, leaving them a long distance behind.

A great number desire to live without manual labor, by brain work alone, hence, the professions requiring this kind of work, are overcrowded. The supply is greater than the demand.

A man is rich—he does not wish his son to toil as he had to—mistaken idea—he gives him no trade, but sends him to college. In course of time he is graduated, he makes a European tour, comes home, dab-

bles a little in stocks, dips into politics, maybe, or goes into law. Having wealth at his command, he has little ambition, and, is distanced by the poor boy who comes up by his own exertions.

In this country, America, there is no real aristocracy but the aristocracy of labor. There should be none other.

Why should one secure a trade if he has means to support himself? Because he has then, something to lean upon, something tangible to bring him a living, in case his property should take wings, as it is often likely to do. Though he may not be obliged to work at his trade, even, it is always valuable to have such an acquisition in cases of emergency, when he can readily lend a hand. It is well to know how to do some kind of work, and still better to *do* the work, for the sake of health, happiness and physical strength.

Exercise at some manual labor makes gracefulness of limbs, activity of mind and gives moral power and support.

It is as good for the girl, as the boy.

No one has a right to go into the world of work without being fitted and equipped to do his, or her, share of it.

With a trade one goes into the battle of life well armed, capable of achieving independence. No one should subsist on the bounty of another, unless an invalid or an imbecile. In such cases it cannot be avoided.

The streets would be less crowded with the idle and the vicious, young, old and middle-aged men, if all had good trades.

Skilled workmen come from across the ocean and

find places, simply because they have the skill to do.

Too many seek to live by their wits, i. e., by their brains, alone. Advertise for a bookkeeper. Applicants swarm and some are willing to advance money to secure the situation. The wonder is where so many come from. College graduates drive horse cars, handle freight on the docks, and are glad to do other similar service.

What is the matter?

Reverses of fortune and no trade, solves the riddle.

How about office boys?

There is always danger in becoming an office boy, unless a bargain is made that he shall learn the business, or learn a useful trade. Without that, the office boy will be apt to find himself in young manhood, or, in middle life, with nothing to do, perhaps with a family on his hands, picking up a job here and there, at work to-day and out of work to-morrow.

He who has a trade goes into active life, guarded in a large degree from the tempter. His trade is a shield against many vices.

It is a broad-axe with which a man or woman may hew a passage through the world of business, undaunted and fearless. A trade is the handle of Independence and is always honorable. Without it, dangers press closely.

He who has no trade is far more apt to fall into dishonesty, wrong ways of living, criminal practices that lead to the jail and the prison.

If the trade is neglected in youth, then learn it whenever you see the necessity for it. No one is ever too old to learn.

John Hunter (English) had no education to speak

of until he was twenty years of age or more. He learned the trade of a carpenter and worked at it in Glasgow. Then he went to London, and his application to books enabled him to become a public lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. How did he do it? By virtue, first, of natural ability, and second, by intense and eager application. He collected twenty thousand anatomical specimens, more than ever has been collected before or since, by one man. He became a surgeon to St. George's hospital in London, and deputy surgeon general to the army, lectured to students and taught a school of anatomy at his own house, and, also, wrote several books. Some one asked him at one time how he got through with so much work as he did. His reply was—"My rule is, deliberately to consider before I commence, whether the thing be practicable. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

It is always wise, if possible, to find out what one is best adapted for, the work one can do best, and can have the most earnest love for; and then, to put all the skill possible into the doing of the same.

Nobody understood the value of a practical understanding of some particular trade or branch of business, better than Stephen Girard, the great philanthropist and unceasing worker for the benefit of humanity. The following anecdote illustrates his principles and ideas regarding the importance of a trade, as a means of support, and also, a protection against immoral tendencies.

Girard had, among his many clerks, one of whom

he thought very highly, and he said that he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott, which was the name of the favorite. So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear something from his employer as to his future prospects, and, perhaps, he thought, he would lend him a helping hand toward starting him in the world of business.

But Mr. Girard carefully avoided the subject. At length Ben mustered courage and said: "I suppose I am free now, sir, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you are free," said the great millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

The young man was astonished but, recovering himself, he said that if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," said Girard.

Ben immediately sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to Mr. Girard that he had graduated and was ready for business. The old gentleman seemed pleased, and ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his best and wheeled them up to Mr. Girard's counting-room. He examined them carefully, pronounced them good, and inquired the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is as cheap as I can afford them."

"Cheap enough. Make out your bill," said Girard.

The bill was made out, and the great hearted man settled it with a check for twenty thousand dollars, which he accompanied with this little moral: "There,

take that, Ben, and invest it in the best possible manner. If you are unfortunate, and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

Never be afraid of honest labor, to use the hands. With good health, a fair education, good morals and a good trade, a lad may make his way and be independent; so may a girl. And a trade is just as valuable to a girl as to a boy. All should do their part of the world's work. To be an idler, a loafer, when voluntary, is to be an excrescence, a fungus, a false specimen.

A willing idler cannot be a gentleman, cannot be a lady.

XVIII.

RECREATION, A NECESSITY.

Painters, when they work on white goods, place before them colors mixed with blue and green to recreate their eyes. DRYDEN.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, is an old saw, often quoted. It not only makes him a dull boy, but a stupid and unattractive one. On the contrary, all play and no work is quite as injurious and mischievous. But no one will question for a moment that recreation, change from work, is as essential to the development of mental, intellectual and moral powers, as food is to the physical body.

A continuous strain in one direction means weakness in another.

Relaxation from study relieves and rests the brain.

Indulgence in muscular recreation strengthens the whole physical being, gives tone and elasticity to the mind and body, as nothing else can do.

"Oh dear," said a mother, "my boy is so absorbed in athletic sports, ball-playing, fencing, tennis and the like—I am afraid it is not good for him."

These games will not hurt him, careful mother. While his mind is occupied in honest games that bring into play all the muscles and the limbs, your boy is not contemplating anything wrong or immoral. This is not to declare that he who never indulges in plays and games of this character is thinking of immoral or unwise things. No.

But, by all means should the tendency to seek recreation in out-of-door sports be encouraged, in girls as well as boys. The pure air taken into the lungs wards off disease and gives health and tone to the system.

It is said that the Germans have no athletic games in Germany, which, we think is a great mistake. However, no one has any business to make a regular work of recreation, putting all the energy he has in it, and devoting all his time to that end.

Some get too much physical exercise. Others not enough. If an arrangement could be made in all families whereby a boy should saw and split the wood that is used, take charge of the lawn mower in summer and the furnace in winter, the girl to do the sweeping in the house, wash the dishes or some certain portion of the housework, it would be the best thing in the world for each. After the task is done, then should come the play hour. The daughter of wealthy parents became ill. The sensible old physician when called to attend her, said—"What ails her?—Nothing to do!—that's what ails her. Buy her a broom! Buy her a broom!" The broom was bought and used—and the girl was soon well.

Play! Play! Play! It is to be thoroughly believed in.

There are few more beautiful sights than the scholars of a school at recess, running, jumping, leaping, laughing, having a merry time, all by themselves.

Coming from the play ground, warm, rosy, perspiring, eyes flashing, lips laughing, blood evenly distributed, do you not see how, and with what fresh vigor the studies can be attacked and victory won over all lessons?

Recreation is more valuable than diamonds, but recreations that incur great expense, are not always the best.

Care and discrimination should be exercised and scholars should remember that parents and teachers, being older, and wiser from experience, are apt to know, in regard to recreation and amusement, that which is better, as well as that which might be considered doubtful.

That recreation or amusement, in which some must refrain from taking part, owing to poverty, had better be put aside.

There is always great temptation to one who may have little spending money, to beg or borrow, and, sometimes, to steal money, to keep up with companions who have a more liberal allowance. It calls for special bravery with some natures to resist these inclinations, but it is better in every case, to say—"No, I would like to indulge in these things but really, I am not able—I cannot possibly afford it."

No one who can afford it will look down upon another for being unable to join in any sport, on account of lack of means.

It pays to be true, to be manly, womanly, honest. The approval of conscience is better than gold.

One thing should be ever kept in view. It is this: While playing, and at all times, do not forget to be gentle and kind, especially to the weak, disabled and unfortunate. Do not, in order to exhibit your own prowess or muscle, skill with ball or bat, strike so as to hurt anyone, or endanger life and limb.

Do not be a pugilist because you have strength

Remember that while "it is glorious to have a giant's strength it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

It may show physical strength to beat and batter a comrade, but, it also testifies to moral weakness to do it.

Children, and young people, like society. They ought never to be isolated. It is very sad to see a boy or girl trying to play alone. To bring up a child away from playmates tends to selfishness, conceit, pride, and sometimes immorality.

It is told of a little girl who had no brothers or sisters, that she continually craved companionship. She had everything her heart desired except a playmate. "I want somebody to play with," said she, "I don't care if it is the raggedest and worst child in the world!"

After awhile she began absenting herself from her home. Her mother resolved to watch her movements. Following the well-worn foot-path one day, the astonished mother came upon her little daughter seated upon a log in the wide meadow, near a brook. With great gravity she was earnestly engaged in the business of playing school—school-mistress. And her scholars!—were seven or eight great fat toads! She had dressed these curious playmates in little jackets of pink calico, with white aprons tied around them which so secured their limbs that they could not jump. The mother laughed aloud, and the little girl looked up and began to cry. She was soon reassured and told the story of her school.

The toads were perfectly tame, and seemed contented in the company of their little school mistress; and, when the school was over, their clothes were taken and placed in a box kept for that purpose, to be brought out again at the beginning of the next session.

What pathos in the fact that the child should be reduced to selecting toads for playmates! Albeit they were most interesting little playfellows, and could not harm her.

Nature has a whole museum of curiosities. Her collections are varied, interesting and attractive. She offers the most solid enjoyment to those who will come to her for study or recreation.

XIX.

GAMES OF CHANCE.

The trail of the serpent is over them all.

MOORE.

By the word gambling or the term, games of chance, is meant the effort put forth to acquire means without giving an exact equivalent for the same. There are many devices for obtaining money under false pretenses, as lotteries, faro banks, pooling, playing cards, etc.

One man pays a small sum into a lottery scheme. He chances to draw a prize; at the same time thousands of others pay the same sum as he did, but draw only blanks. The successful drawer, elated by his success, invests more money in the same scheme more and still more, but draws nothing afterward. Even those who pay money to buy tickets in lotteries but to lose it, will still persist in buying more and more tickets, and losing more and more money, so subtle is the fascination attendant upon lotteries.

Many thousands have been ruined by these practices, where one has been made better off. Some, having lost all they had in pursuing these fatal charms, have ended a miserable life in suicide. One, who used all the means he could get hold of in this way, finally gave up his business, pledged house and home and lost them, and, as a last resort, took the bank-book of his only little child—a matter of ten dollars, and

put that on the gaming-table, and saw that go, also.

Robbed his only child who was but five years of age!

Does not this show how the moral faculties may be blunted by indulgence in games of chance? how the moral sense of justice may be dulled and deadened?

Gambling undoubtedly begins, not in the simple playing of games for amusement, but in playing for bits of money or its equivalent. This is the first step which leads on and on, by many bewitching ways, to final ruin and destruction, unless the habit is abandoned at once.

Many a clerk in a store, of fair promise, has lost his place by the bad habit of gambling, or betting at races. His employer knows that such habits are first steps to dishonesty, for, once having lost his own money, he will not be apt to hesitate long, before venturing to take from the firm, without leave, that which will further his unworthy conduct.

Games played for amusement are exciting enough, and even these, when carried to excess, that is, indulged in until late hours, as are the fashionable whist parties, are harmful.

Any one can understand without telling, that in playing games for money, engaging in lotteries of any description, greed and covetousness are excited, and this excitement, and unnatural stimulus, is followed by nervous exhaustion; hence, arises a passion for strong drink, in order, as is falsely thought, to give strength to the overwrought nerves, which can never be done by drink.

The mind cannot be kept in a calm, equable frame if constantly excited by hope and fear.

The results of the vice of gambling are severe and sorrowful.

Because you will be better morally, feel better and happier, you will turn away from the first and every invitation to indulge in a game of chance, played for money, or, a prize of any kind.

Lotteries you will shun as you would any evil, whose way points to degradation and dismay.

Admiral Farragut and family were once spending the summer at Long Branch, and, while sitting on the piazza of the hotel, he said: "Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country?" "Yes," was the reply, "I would surely."

"It was," said he, "all owing to a resolution I formed when I was but ten years of age. My father was sent to New Orleans with the little navy he had, to look after the treason of Burr. I went with him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like a pirate; could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was, even then, great at cards, and was fond of gambling in every shape. After dinner one day, my father turned every body out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"I mean to follow the sea, of course.'

"Follow the sea!' said my father. 'Yes, quite likely, and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die at last, in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"No,' I said. 'Oh no, I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.'

'No, David, no you won't. No boy ever trod the

quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man in its true sense.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable, drunken, sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world and dying in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it! I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble again.'

"And I have kept these vows to this hour.'"

Beware of the first step in games of chance, for it leads downward. If you win you get something that does not belong to you. If you lose, your evil passions are aroused. The "respectable" ways of gambling, as speculation on margins, the making of "corners" in wheat, corn, cloth, etc., are just as bad, or worse, than betting on card-playing, because handled by men who move in an upper grade of society.

As a citizen of this world you have no right to be dishonest, or to try to get the better of any other citizen.

Honesty and uprightness should be yours in all the dealings of life.

XX.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be free. EMERSON.

I will look straight out—See things—not try to evade them—Fact shall be fact for me, and the truth, the truth forever.

A. H. CLOUGH.

No character is worthy of respect that does not possess truth as one of its principal component parts. The truth calls for respect always. It may be abhorrent to some who have it not, especially if clashing with preconceived opinions. It is a lofty mind that dares be true to honest convictions in face of opposition, holding firmly to opinions through persecutions, obloquy and social ostracism.

In the past, people have suffered much for truth's sake—loss of friends, contumely, gross abuse and withdrawal of patronage. They have been tortured in every conceivable way, imprisoned, and murdered, even, for the sake of keeping the precious jewel of truth; but through the scorching heat and seething flame of the fagot, through most intense pain, and anguish unutterable, they have kept steadfast to this gem of all gems.

Haply, we live in a better time, when truths may be uttered with less cruel consequences.

Truthfulness is one of the most beautiful blossoms

of the moral law, yet is more frequently abused, trampled upon, slighted, than any other flower.

There is a difference and a distinction between a deliberate falsehood and an untruth. To speak falsely, with the express purpose and intent to deceive, is a lie.

But, one may speak untruthfully, not intending to speak falsely—not meaning to tell a lie. He asserts that which is contrary to the truth, i. e., not corresponding to fact, from lack of correct information, or from forgetfulness of the exact facts.

A perverter of facts, not wilfully so, cannot be called a liar. For example, a lady said, "That ancient house on — street was once the alms-house." This was an incorrect statement, but the lady had been so informed, and believed the information. She was, then, simply mistaken, and not a falsifier. But if one should say—"That old house on — street was burned to the ground last night," knowing the statement to be untrue, he would be a liar.

Some think there is little harm in equivocation, in telling what is termed, "white lies." Tricks of trade, matters of business, as a storekeeper, tells his customers his goods are perfect when he knows them to be imperfect—that they cost him the same price he asks for them—that he is not making one red cent, etc., are all falsehoods, but are passed lightly over as harmless. So in the home, many untruthful words are spoken thoughtlessly but they make an impression. "I will whip you if you do that again!" How often is that said to the child—a useless threat. The thing is done again—no whipping follows. And in this way many a child takes its first lesson in untruthfulness at the knee of its parent.

It is often difficult to quote correctly from the lips of others. Let ten persons repeat a story, or, the recital of some transaction that another has told. Note the variations in the reports.

Not all will get even the same idea, correctly.

In regard to evidence in court, great care should be taken in giving such evidence that it should be the exact truth.

A little girl once being put upon the witness stand was asked by the opposing counsel if any one had talked with her before coming into court. "Did not Mr. So-and-so, (naming a certain lawyer,) tell you something particular?"

"Oh yes," said the little one.

"Ah," said the lawyer eagerly, "what did he say? What did he say?"

"He told me to *tell the truth!*" was the reply.

When it is remembered that a person's reputation may be blighted, or brightened forever, by our word, we will be careful as to that which we say. Truth carries great weight. It is not wise to say words that are untrue, even in jest. Why?

Because one will hardly know when you are in earnest if accustomed to jest often.

It is better on all occasions to be perfectly truthful. Thus, a character for truthfulness will be established, the moral nature will be strengthened, and an example displayed, worthy to be imitated by all.

Are there not occasions when the truth should be withheld? Possibly, when the world, not knowing all the facts, might condemn unjustly, so, when one may be spared great pain or mortification by withholding certain facts; as in case of runaway slaves, before

slavery was abolished, the truth was withheld to aid human beings to escape from the tyranny of bondage; but, on general principles, the truth is always best.

Truth that would benefit all should never be kept back. It belongs to the world.

You should be truthful because it is right so to be, because thus, you feel better in your own mind, you thereby establish a good, sound, and noble character and thus show that you are worthy of respect, and that you respect yourself.

In smuggling times in England and Scotland, the clergyman was often consulted as to the best means of avoiding detection by the officers of the excise. "What am I to do, sir, if the gauger comes?" said a smuggler to the minister; "for ilka drap is i the hoose!"

"Just tell the truth," advised the minister, "and leave the rest to Providence." The smuggler consented very reluctantly, "for," said he, "if the gauger tak's the drink, I'm a ruined man." In a few days, as the smuggler had anticipated, an exciseman entered his dwelling, and demanded where he had concealed his merchandise.

"Well, I'll just tell the plain truth," said the smuggler; "every drap is in a big hole under the bed." "You rascal!" cried the Exciseman, "if it had been there you would not be so ready to avow it."

So the officer searched the entire premises with the exception of the spot indicated, and then left, grumbling that he had not discovered anything.

Next day the smuggler waited on his minister to express his gratitude for his counsel.

"I tauld the truth, sir," said he, "just as you required, an' the gauger wadna believe me. Had I done

anything else na' dobt a'.had been deteckit. I shall noo, sir, ay tell the truth, even to the gauger, for it is, as you said, best for a body i' the end."

XXI.

WHAT IS AN OATH? OR THE WORTH OF A PROMISE?

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

SHAKESPEARE.

In courts of law, life, liberty, character, or veracity, and, also titles to property, are often brought in question.

In fact, it is on account of these things that courts, judges, juries and all officers of the law, as such, exist. Were all men honest, upright, truthful and honorable in their dealings with one another, as they should be, there would be no necessity for the existence of tribunals of law. There would be no reason for a body of men to assemble for the purpose of collecting testimony in regard to the honesty, or dishonesty, of a person, or the adjudgment of the guilt or innocence of any one.

Human laws exist because people are dishonest and deficient in the correct understanding of the true moral nature—because they disregard its commands.

Hence we have courts of justice, witnesses are brought to testify as to the exact truth, and oaths are taken to enforce the sacredness and solemnity of such evidence.

The legal form of the oath is in this wise: "You solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in

this case, shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

This oath is administered by the clerk of the court.

In some states of the Union, the witness holds up his right hand and replies—"I do" to the above form. In other cases the witness takes the oath by laying his hand upon the Bible and the form of the oath is in this wise: "You do solemnly swear upon the Holy Evangelists, that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God"—and the witness then kisses the Book, which act is supposed to show his intention to tell the truth. Then there is the form called affirmation, used by Quakers, or Friends, and Agnostics, when permitted to testify in court. The form is thus: "You do solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirm that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth to the best of your knowledge and belief, and this you affirm." The witness simply says "I do."

After taking these oaths, witnesses have been known to go upon the stand and violate every word of the oath they have taken, telling the most out and out falsehoods.

In regard to the practice of kissing the book as binding the oath, some good people have remonstrated against it as injudicious as to health. Some lips may be very impure with tobacco or alcohol, to say nothing of foul diseases and offensive sores that in this way might be communicated to healthy persons.

In spite of the prescribed oath, witnesses and juries have been bribed to speak falsely. This is a breach of both the moral and civil law, and is termed perjury. This offense is subject to severe punishment.

The perjurer is justly regarded as an enemy to the good of the community and the State, to be shunned by everybody.

Mistakes are liable to happen in giving evidence, but to tell the truth according to the best knowledge and belief is all that can be required.

If all men were moral, and would do as they would desire to be done by, all would live in peace, harmony and safety. Such is not the case; hence, in the transactions of business, any one is liable to be called into court as a witness, who does observe and use his eyes and ears. But in no case is one called upon to criminate himself in the giving of testimony. But, he may be compelled to testify as to the conduct of others, on penalty of imprisonment if he does not tell that which he knows.

Though often sad and humiliating to one's pride, it is right to be truthful, and careful that we adhere to truth, under all circumstances of law, both moral and civil.

All should endeavor to bring to justice the perpetrators of crime, in order to keep the peace of communities. For, if one injury is concealed, or passed over, it may be followed by other injuries of the same character. Let an incendiary escape, and no property would be safe.

No one wants to be an informer, but, when the good of the whole is involved, the true man will not hesitate to give facts in his possession that may lead to detection of guilty parties. The evidence of witnesses is valuable and rated, according to the age, experience and character of the witness. A fair, calm, dispassionate person of good moral character, will carry

great weight in his evidence, and that which he may say, is, in itself, convincing proof. Therefore, it is plain to see why we should desire to be known as persons of good moral character, the words of the mouth being verified by the entire life and conduct, whether they be good or bad, true or false.

The ancient Athenians had great respect for the oath.

The poet *Euripides* introduced in one of his plays, one, who, on being reminded of the oath he had taken, replied, "I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart." This sentiment met with great disfavor from the righteous audience when the play was rendered. Socrates, who was present in the theatre at the time, left in great indignation, and, the author of the play was brought to trial, as one who had suggested the evasion of the oath, that was cherished as the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society.

Are we under obligation to speak truly without the form of an oath? Yes, we should regard our simple word as enough, without any more binding force.

The conscientious man requires no oath, or ceremony, to induce him to speak truly.

He who cannot tell the truth without a stereotyped form, would hardly be truthful under any circumstances.

An oath never made man honest or truthful. But, as said before, falsehoods under oath have been made to appear truthful and credible in the sight of man, as judge and jury know.

The word of one who requires the clincher of an oath is of comparatively little value.

The word of the truly moral man is invincible, and the value of the teaching of morals, is, in raising the

standard of manhood so high, that the word of the mouth cannot be impeached, either with, or without, an oath.

Our word should be honest, truthful and correct, for the sake of the *truth*, itself, not because of the oath taken.

The obligation should be in the individual to tell the truth. If *not* there, no outward form can put it there.

In India and China, in judicial proceedings, there is no prescribed form of oath. Witnesses are warned that if they bear false testimony they are liable to severe punishment. In ancient Rome, the form of oath, or affirmation, was this: "I promise, or, I speak the truth from the thoughts of my heart." He who bore false witness must be thrown from the Tarpeian rock. To refuse to give evidence, rendered a person infamous for life, and such were not allowed to make a will.

A promise should be considered as binding and sacred as an oath.

We should be careful how we *make* a promise, but, having made it, we should be more careful not to break it. There are, however, conditions where the non-fulfillment of a promise is justifiable, as, when it is discovered that the keeping of the same would result in injury to ourselves or others.

A bad promise is better broken than kept, but care should be exercised so that a bad promise, or, one that will not agree with duty, may never be made, then, the necessity will never arise of breaking it. The moral men and moral women make society better.

The more truthful and honest people there are, the .

better it is for the community, the State, the nation, the world; the fewer crimes, courts and jails there will be. Hence, every one should try to live so, for his own peace of mind and the peace of that society of which he is a member, that it may be truly said of him "His word is as good as his bond."

XXII.

FRAUD A CRIME.

The rogue cozened not me, but his conscience.

LATIMER.

There are men in convicts' cells to-day who received their first impulse to wrong-doing in school. How? By copying the work of others, and passing it for their own.

"The lesson was hard," or, "I had not time to do the examples," or, "I played too long," are the excuses; and then, copies were made from the papers of a more industrious scholar, borrowed, or taken without leave. In either case it was a species of theft. Possibly you have done the same. You took the work of another; you passed it for your own. You cheated the teacher into the belief that it was your own. Above all, although you did not know it, you cheated yourself, and Festus says,

"Of all frauds, to cheat one's self is the worst. All sin is easy after that."

You made yourself believe, or you tried to, that it was all right, and that you had done nothing out of the way. Now, let me tell you this: that one who will deliberately, and continuously, cheat in his lessons at school, will be pretty apt to go on cheating all through life. But, in strict accordance with an inevitable law of nature, he will, at last, be discovered in his dishonesty. He may flourish for a time, but, soon or late, his transgressions will come to light.

The Chinese have very strict ideas of honesty. In examinations for college, the candidates are always searched for concealed manuscripts, or anything designed to help, in answering questions. Sometimes, it happens that a thin book, printed on small type from copper plates is slipped by the candidate, into a hole in the bottom of the shoe. But when one is discovered in this conduct, he is set aside for life, as unworthy of respect, and receives the scorn and contempt of all good persons.

There seems to be innate in some the desire to get something for nothing, to receive good without rendering an equivalent, to slyly, and, in an underhanded way, get, or gain that for which they have no intention of paying.

Yet, if they would take a survey of the whole matter, it would easily be seen that anything procured in such a manner is not conducive to righteousness or happiness. The scholar who copies all the way, the work of others, can never be morally strong, nor does that which he has gained in this way ever do him real service. It is by personal application, digging and delving, each for himself, by hard labor, that we reap benefit, in school and out.

Cheating, fraud, in play, in business everywhere, is immoral, and evil in its results, as well as in its acts, and ends finally, in humiliation, pain and misery.

A well-known man in a populous city, was in the habit of entering a store frequently, where cigars were kept for sale. Being a smoker, he would help himself to three or four cigars, pay for one and go out. The dealer observed this conduct, and when it had been going on for some six months or more, he sent the

gentleman a polite note, stating the facts, and saying that, unless the bad habit was stopped the public would hear from it. The next day the gentleman sent the dealer his check for a hundred dollars, and implored him to say nothing.

Now, this man was well able to pay for all that he wanted, of cigars, or anything else, but he was imbued with the idea of getting without paying—cheating.

No one can be happy in pursuing such a course. Why? Because it is wrong. Conscience tells us it is.

We have no right to defraud any one.

Our duty to society, to man, to ourselves, tells us, as though written in letters of fire, to be honest, not to practice fraud or injustice, if we would be happy ourselves, and render others happy, also.

One who was, as a school-boy, in the habit of copying his lessons, grew up and became known as smart. He became a politician, and finally got to be deputy postmaster. A farmer, desirous of sending some money away, entrusted the same to a lawyer, who placed it in a letter, addressed it, and handed it to the deputy postmaster for mailing. A few weeks later, the farmer came in and said the money had not been received by the party to whom it was to be sent. The lawyer went directly to the deputy postmaster and said to him plainly: "You have stolen the money that was in the letter I placed in your hands." The man denied it. And there was no proof that could be brought to gainsay his word. Time went on. Eight years afterward this same man was tax collector of the town. The lawyer went to pay his tax. By chance

he discovered upon the books of the assessors an appearance of another kind of ink. He paid his tax, went directly to the office of the assessors, and demanded an examination of their books, stating his suspicions that all was not right. Sure enough, there was fraud, figures altered here and there, all over the books.

So, the lawyer quietly took the names of those who were overcharged on the tax books, sent for the collector, and, when he came, locked the door and told him just what he had been doing.

The charges could not be denied. The lawyer demanded the money, having received power to act. The man said he had no money to pay back the amounts stolen. "Get it," said the lawyer. He managed to procure the money, and made instant preparations to leave town. But, before he started, he went everywhere that he could be trusted, and ran up large bills, well knowing he never intended to pay them, seemingly unable to control the desire to cheat.

In the fruit season, some boys, and girls too, make a practice of stealthily visiting orchards and gardens, not their own, and helping themselves to fruit without permission, sometimes injuring young trees by cutting and breaking limbs with sticks and stones.

It seems not to be realized that this is theft, just as much as though you entered a neighbor's house and took therefrom the dinner prepared for his family or the adornments of his parlor.

Would you think it right if some one should go slyly to your room, rifle your pockets, and carry away your property? Surely not. Have you, then, any more right to take even that of the slightest value without leave?

Passing over an offence of this sort lightly, or following the same by another of like import, may lead, in the end, to very grave results.

A man employed in a bank fell into evil ways, robbed the bank, was detected, and sent to prison. He said he began as a boy to steal pears, apples, plums, peaches, and other kinds of fruit, just for fun. This was the beginning, which led, step by step, to the prisoner's cell.

You would not be happy walking in such a path, would you? Then do not take the first step therein.

It is easy enough to see that you will be far happier to walk in honest ways, in ways that win your own approval and the approval of your parents and friends.

Would you be trusted, honored, and happy? Then shun the way of the evil-doer. The thing you would not wish done to yourself, that be sure you never do.

Because trouble, misery, sorrow and shame, follow in the wake of the cheat and the fraud, and, because peace, a quiet frame of mind, pleasure and happiness attend the one who walks uprightly and deals honorably, we should be true and just in all our dealings.

You will some day be required, by the society in which you live, to become a factor in the business relations of life. You will perhaps be elected to office, serve on juries, negotiate loans, or, have charge of the affairs of others in some way. The community requires you to be conscientious, moral and strictly honest.

Be sure you meet its requirements. Otherwise shame and sorrow will be your portion.

This you may know from observing the course of those who have been false to that committed to their care. They are found in every town. Are they respected and happy?

XXIII.

THE POISON OF SLANDER.

Slander, that word of poison, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds. HERVEY.

Slander!
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. SHAKESPEARE.

To bear false witness in a court of law, is, as has been defined, perjury, and is a punishable crime; but, how many in society, go about bearing false witness daily to the defamation and ruin of reputation and prospects in life!

Slander is a cruel injury done to humanity and one hard to be forgiven.

We should be careful indeed of the words we say, the tales we tell, for words once uttered can never be recalled.

A single word may change the meaning of a whole sentence and cause such trouble as can never be settled, make stains that cannot be obliterated.

"They say" is the author of many vile falsehoods, and ruins the influence that many a person might otherwise exert for good. Should we hear an injurious report of one whom we have no reason to suspect, or, if we have, there is no occasion to repeat the same, for every story gathers as it goes.

Did you ever pause and think what a mean, contemptible thing it is to speak evil of any one? You never, perhaps, thought how such speaking hurts. But the story may not reach that person's ears? It is just as bad, for those who have heard it, look upon the individual with repulsion, believing the tale to be true.

It is well before originating a story, or repeating one to the injury of another, to ask, Would I like such reports to be circulated about myself? No.

Then, whatsoever you would dislike to have said about yourself, that, be sure you never say.

If you can say no good of one, be silent.

Teach yourself to think before you speak. Learn to say, "I do not know."

Remember that a good name is better than riches.

'Who steals my purse steals trash;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.'

Gossip is the own cousin of Slander.

In every place there is a great deal of unpardonable tittle-tattle going on, not a tenth part, and often not a thousandth part, being true.

Much is said carelessly, innocently. There is a desire to communicate a bit of news, to make talk, and it is to the shame of those who make it, that there can be found nothing better to say than to dissect, or defame a neighbor's character.

It is disgraceful that a class of people can, apparently, find no other topics to discuss than the weather, the cooks and the neighbors.

A worthy person will not permit himself, or herself, to do this persistently.

Some one said long ago, that the tale-bearer and the tale-hearer ought to be hung up, back to back, one by the tongue and the other by the ear.

There are two sides to every story, and if you know but one side, you are only half informed. Listen to the *other* side before giving an opinion, if the story be important, if not, let it go. It is better to not hear it at all.

The slanderous tongue is a venomous one. It poisons and kills.

The slayer of a good name should not be tolerated in society.

Slander has slain its thousands. It has made wounds that could never heal. Therefore, as you value your own good name be careful how you speak, lest you sully, by a breath, the good name of another.

Neither insinuate by look or tone, any ill toward any human being.

We all belong to the human brotherhood—one great family.

Let us cherish and protect the good name and character, as we would like our own cherished and protected. Be neither a backbiter nor a flatterer.

Several years ago a respectable young business man was going to New York to buy stock. The cashier of a bank entrusted him with a package of bills to be handed to a bank officer in that city. He delivered the package promptly and the cashier, to whom he handed it, looked the bills over hastily, put them in a drawer, said "All right," and went on with his writing.

A month later, the one who had entrusted him with the package came to his place of business, and said

one of the bills of the parcel was missing. The young man said he had delivered the package as stated above. But there were the facts. Two prominent business men in responsible positions, on one side, and the unsupported testimony of a young druggist on the other. The odds were too unequal, and the young man had to go to the wall. The community looked coldly on him, and he did not prosper in business.

Years passed. The story was handed down, and was always held against him. Twenty years later whenever his name was mentioned, there was a falling of the countenance that meant "No confidence." The story always gathered weight as it went, and he felt the cloud that hung perpetually over him would finally be the means of his death. He grew to be old but never regained the high social and business position he had lost. He died oppressed with grief and pain, at the stain upon his name that he knew he did not deserve. One day the old desk in the office at New York was taken to a shop to be repaired. On removing the drawer, the missing bank-bill was found lodged behind it!

It was said in the *Buffalo Courier* that the workers of the world do not gossip, but the idle man and the idle woman, the people who do no more toiling than they are obliged to, whose brains are in a state of mental vacuity, are the pests of every community.

That was proof of a fine character, Mrs. X's remark to Mrs. Z when the latter attempted to tell Mrs. X something of a new resident's previous history. Mrs. X drew her tall form up into the air, as she said to this would-be betrayer: "If Mrs. Blank has any blot

on her past I prefer to know it from her. Until then I am quite willing to take her for what she seems."

The feminine Judas slunk away, still smiling, but she lost no time in saying: "Mrs. X is getting very airy. I could tell some things about her."

Could she have told anything, and what did she know? Nothing, absolutely. Yet her "ambiguous givings out" were worse than open enmity. Mrs. Z had a vague idea that Mrs. X, like most hot-headed, impulsive people, had committed some youthful indiscretions which, published to the world, would make shipwreck of her reputation. In point of fact, Mrs. X's chief offense was in being cleverer than Mrs. Z. Like listeners, those who allow themselves to gossip carry their own punishment with them.

Would you not be ashamed to be known as a slanderer or a tattler. Then, *guard well your tongue.*

XXIV.

WHAT IS HYPOCRISY?

Hypocrisy has become a fashionable vice and every fashionable vice passes for a virtue.

MOLIERE.

To be a hypocrite is the pretending to be that which one is not. Hypocrisy is dishonesty. It is to be untrue to the principles of right.

Hypocrites say that which they do not believe, believe that which they do not say. They think one thing and act another.

Hypocrisy is but a different word for lying. It is deception.

We have no business to deceive any person, not even ourselves.

Why not?

Are we not all made of the same dust, and pursuing the same end—happiness?

Are we not all members of the same family? All brothers and sisters? And does not a wrong or an injustice done to ourselves, or even to the least, among our associates, act and re-act to pain and misery and not happiness?

We have no right to bring any influence to bear, that will cause pain instead of pleasure. Said one—"It is no matter if I deceive so long as it is not known." It is known. You know it, and others, by means of a law inevitable, will find it out, soon or late.

It *does* matter how your conduct is, whether known or unknown.

Wrong is followed by its own punishment in all cases.

You cannot escape it.

Besides, once you are discovered to be a hypocrite, you will no longer be respected or trusted.

As a rule, society does not fancy having its weak points touched.

The one who alludes in plain language, to the shams and hypocrisies of society is called unpopular, a lunatic, fanatic, and other similar epithets. But these titles are more honorable than that of fraud, or hypocrite.

Bernard, a very unscrupulous lawyer was once in conversation with Cromwell, detailing some subterfuge that he was using. "Yes," said Cromwell, "I understand that you have been vastly wary in your conduct; do not be too confident of this; subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will."

There are a vast number of people industriously striving to keep the outward appearance pleasant and attractive, while within, the material is coarse, corrupt and repulsive.

We should all endeavor to *be* as true and upright as possible, and to let others perceive just that which we are.

Be steadfast to principle, and an approving conscience will always atone for any neglect that may come from the outside world. Then, fear not to be frank, candid, honest.

Be true.

Why?

The true individual is better for the home, for school, for society, for associates, for himself—better in all ways, in all stations, under all circumstances.

Therefore, we should seek for real facts, think them, act them, live them.

"What kind of house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh play calling," replied the other. "Mary here, she can be Mrs. Brown, and sit on the piazza and Julia and I will call on her and ask her how she is, how her husband is, and if the babies got over the measles—and tell her how nice she appears in her new wrapper and hope it won't hurt her much when she has that tooth filled. Then, we'll say good-bye, Mrs. Brown, come and see us sometime and bring the children; and, you're such a stranger, we don't see half enough of you. Then Julia and I will courtesy and walk off a piece, and I'll say to Julia 'Did you ever see such a horrid old fright as she looks in that wrapper?' And then Julia, she'll say: 'The *idear* of anybody having a false tooth filled!' And then I'll say: 'Yes, and what a homely lot of dirty little brats them of hern is.': Let's play it. What do you say?"

There is no call for hypocrites. They are a despicable set. Shun them. Be not one, yourself.

Be sincere.

Respect your word, act and thought, too much to be, in any sense, a deceiver.

XXV.

CONSCIENCE, OR MORAL SENSE.

Talents, angel bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hands to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown. YOUNG.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past. DENHAM.

We are governed by motives, the strongest motive, for the time being, determining the action. Behind the motive is a faculty that enables us to distinguish between right and wrong actions. This is usually called conscience, or moral sense.

It is more active in some than in others.

There are those in whom this beautiful faculty hardly stirs at all. Go into the prisons, the asylums, the homes for the unfortunate. You will note that the foreheads of the inmates, in many cases, are very narrow, small and decreasing in size, while the back brain, the seat of the lower, or animal faculties, is enormously large. The head is misshapen. There is a dull, staring, vacant look, or, an uncommonly bright and sharp vision. Heredity, or some prenatal cause, may produce these unbalanced heads. There may have been lack of proper training, or a failure in awakening the conscience. Acquisitiveness may have been allowed full sway, until it became abnormal, and then

led the person into wrong-doing that resulted in the felon's cell. Or, anger unrestrained, may have made one a slayer of his brother.

A well-educated woman who had been in prison for a crime, when asked why she did such a thing, replied, "I do not know. I seemed to have very little conscience. When they (the officers) talked to me in the prison, their words made no impression. I did wrong according to law, and I knew it, but I did not seem to feel the enormity of the wrong." This person lacked moral sense, and, no one had ever taken pains to arouse it to action.

Can the moral sense be educated, then? It can.

Different nations have various ideas of conscience.

In the epochs of the world's history, men have had peculiar ideas of right and wrong. There are yet some countries where it is regarded a most solemn duty to kill the aged and put them out of the way; the conscience of the relatives of these doomed ones, acquiescing in the law, and honestly believing it to be right. To us it is shocking.

Why?

Because the moral sense of right and justice has been subject to education, or growth, and it tells us when enlightened, that such action is wrong. It inflicts pain and suffering upon another, and as life is sweet to us, so it is to the aged, and we are happier in conferring benefits upon them, instead of depriving them of life and its blessings.

We learn by precept and experience, and, in everything we do; if we act from motives of conviction, we shall be pretty sure to be right.

The standard of right must always differ, according

to facilities of education, how one has been brought up, etc. Once, honest people conscientiously believed slavery right, especially the enslavement of those whose skins were somewhat darker than their own.

The Carthagenians, Persians and Phœnicians once thought it right to sacrifice their children by burning them alive.

As people progressed in ideas they learned better things.

The conscience has become enlightened by the development of thought, the exercise of reason and judgment.

People have learned the right by noting the amount of happiness it brought, in contrast to the pain suffered by actions, that, in consequence were felt to be wrong.

False and erroneous ideas are gradually outgrown. It has taken centuries to educate the moral sense up to its present high standard, and there is more to learn yet.

That which is considered right in the present time would once have been thought wholly wrong, and been met with punishment. As now, we know very quickly when we perform a wrong action or a right one.

When Isaac T. Hopper was a small boy he was sent some distance on an errand. Arriving just as the family were sitting down to supper, they invited him to partake with them, or at least, have a piece of pie. The long walk had whetted his appetite and Isaac was fond of pie, but, the shyness of childhood, perhaps, led him to say, "No, I thank you."

When he had delivered his message, he was still looking longingly at the pie.

His conscience disturbed him greatly for telling a

lie. But the family were Quakers, and they understood yea to mean yea, and nay, nay. They would have considered it a mere worldly compliment to repeat the invitation; so they were silent. Isaac started for home, much repenting of his bashfulness and his conscience imploring him to return and confess his error. He walked nearly half the way home revolving the subject in his mind. Finally he turned about, walked straight back to the house and marched boldly into the supper-room, saying,—“I told a lie when I was here, I did want a piece of pie; but, I thought to be sure you would ask me again.” This explicit avowal made them all smile and he was served with all the pie he wanted.

We should never tempt one to do a mean action or a wrong thing; never urge one against his better nature or his conscience.

We should remember, too, that the life we live may serve as an example, a guide for some other. How important then, that it be a bright and glorious light that any one may follow without sorrow or uneasiness.

Is it not something grand and great to live for, to be the means of help to another toward a full and complete life?

XXVI.

SELFISHNESS THE MENACE OF SOCIETY.

Vivre pour autrui.

AUGUSTE COMTE.

Selfishness is the bane of society. Unselfishness is the flower of social life.

There should always be exercised a due regard for one's self, i. e., so far as properly caring for the health, the clothing, personal appearance, education, means of support; for, these things are necessary to the well-being and cannot be considered, morally, in a selfish light, as the word selfish is commonly understood. But, when self is made supreme, when it is placed first, last and foremost, without regard to the wishes, interests, or happiness of others—when it seeks gratification at the expense, injury or positive unhappiness and misery of those around us, then, it is selfishness.

Then, it is abhorrent.

No one fancies the selfish individual.

He is justly shunned.

It has been said of the first Napoleon that he had "no sentiment of good or evil, only the sentiment of self."

Is the selfish person the happy being? No.

Is he the one that makes those near him happy?

No.

Greedy and grasping, always trying to get the best

of a trade to the hurt of some one, he is the cause of much misery and trouble.

Unselfishness does not put self first, but last. It has a tender, earnest thoughtfulness for others on all occasions; and pleasure follows in its wake, as the blossoms open under the cheering warmth of the sun.

The motto of Auguste Comte was *vivre pour autrui*—*live for others*. This is unselfishness, and is the essence of true life. No sorrow is in its wake.

Living to make others happy brings happiness to ourselves.

The light and joy of blessing others, enfolds and cheers like the music of songs without words.

How shall I be unselfish? you ask.

By constantly doing little acts of kindness for the benefit of others, when the doing them puts you out of your common course, perhaps. There is a favor you can do for mother, father, sister, brother, teacher or friend. Do it at once.

By doing gracefully the little acts of life, it becomes easier to perform the larger duties that are constantly arising. Self-love and selfishness are different qualities.

To love one's self so well as to keep from folly, to behave nobly, to win the approval of the conscience, is right and honorable.

But selfishness seeks more than its own, puts itself first, and crowds others to the wall. It takes advantage of the weakness of others, and wants more than equity and fair dealing.

By the exercise of selfishness the good is taken, not in fact, so much out of another, as sought, but out of one's own self.

Selfishness always turns out, in the end, to be weakness—to be a blunder, and if followed, it tends to paralyze the conscience.

This is the age of human brotherhood.

We are brothers and sisters, not to hurt each other, not to battle like beasts of prey, but to be kind and thoughtful, gentle, humane, unselfish.

We are to study the right, and do it for its own sake.

We are to be just for the sake of justice.

M. L. N. in the *Atlanta Constitution* tells the following in regard to two noble natures:

"Unselfishness is an unfailing test of noble manhood. True chivalry always springs from this source. To show the esteem in which generosity has always been held, a little instance is found in the life of Sir Philip Sidney. Before relating this little story, perhaps, it would be best to give a few of the leading traits for which this good man was so famous. He was one of the noblest men of his time. He was learned, being a poet and a writer. On account of his chivalry and courtliness he was made a knight, and Elizabeth was fond of calling him the "Jewel of her dominions." He was the nephew of the Earl of Leicester, who was sent over in 1556 to assist the Hollanders against Philip II. of Spain, and it was at the famous battle of Zutphin that the incident about to be related occurred.

"Sir Philip Sydney had been fighting bravely all day when he received a wound in the thigh, which proved to be his death wound. While he was being borne away upon a litter, the profuse bleeding of his wound caused him great thirst, and he asked for water.

One of the soldiers handed him a cup, but just as he was about to put it to his lips, he noticed a common soldier, who had also been severely wounded, looking at the cup with such eager, hungry eyes that he gave it to him, saying, "Take it, thy necessities are greater than mine." What could be more touchingly beautified than this one act of unselfishness which has made the name of Sir Philip Sidney immortal! This calls to mind another act of a similar nature, but under different circumstances and in a different sphere of life; clearly showing that it is not only among the great that noble hearts are found, but among the lowly as well; and that as generous a heart may throb beneath rags, as beneath a cover of silk and velvet.

"Two little boys were sweeping the street, and one of them picked up a half eaten apple; he was so hungry that he took a huge bite immediately, and then offered it to his companion, a little gentleman, despite his tattered garments. The little fellow took a very modest bite, upon which the one who had found the apple said "Oh, bite bigger, Billy." To my mind it is hard to distinguish which was the nobler of the two natures, Sir Philip Sidney or the ragged street urchin. One was reared in affluence, amid the splendor of the English court, with the most cultured men of the time; the other in poverty, hunger and dirt, knowing no difference between right and wrong save what his own royal heart taught him."

XXVII.

GRATITUDE A FRAGRANT FLOWER OF LIFE.

Blow, blow thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

SHAKESPEARE.

Life is made up of giving and taking. We are mutual dependents, and to evince some signs of appreciation for that which is done for us is kindly, just and honorable.

It is a small thing to say, "Thank you," but, it is pleasant to remember. In the formation of habit, it is well to make it a point to remember our benefactors, whoever they may be.

It is a great heart, a good heart, that cherishes blessings conferred, and ingratitude is baseness itself. To think of all that may have been done for one, and then to see that one turn thanklessly aside, and pass his friend, unnoticed, is wrong and cruel. This is not to say, that one should perform good acts for the sake of the gratitude to be expressed in return.

No, the act should be done because it is right to do it, but it is a mark of kind appreciation to acknowledge benefits.

We need not remember insults, but we should strive never to forget a benefit. In the hospital at Scutari the eyes of the sick and dying soldiers, as they wistfully followed the form of Florence Nightingale, as

she noiselessly moved among them, expressed the deep gratitude they were too ill to speak.

There are some who profess gratitude to those who render assistance in trouble, but cease to recall the debt they owe when once the danger is passed.

"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars," moaned a sick man.

The doctor gave him a remedy that soon relieved him, and he called out,—*"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars."*

In an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked, *"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."* When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said, *"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."* When just six months had been added to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, and, after so doing, he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution.

Parents feel keenly the ingratitude of their children for whom they have done much, and for whose interests they are always careful. But, this is their duty, it may be said. True. Yet it is a slight thing to say—*"Papa, I am grateful for my good home, and for the good things you are constantly surrounding me with."* Or *"Mamma, it makes me proud and happy when I think I have so good and kind a mamma."*

The best way to show gratitude is not by speech, though that is always in order, when it comes from the heart, but by acts that speak as flaming swords.

We should watch for occasions to testify our grat-

itude for that which is being done for us, at home, in school by our teachers, and, in social life, by our friends.

A gentleman was traveling in Arkansas, when he met at a hotel an old friend whom he had not seen for twenty years. He was in great distress and had no money. After relating his troubles, he said,—“Can you let me have money enough to take me home to my family? I will pay you as soon as I can. The gentleman gave him all that he could spare, and the man, with his eyes full of grateful tears, went on his way rejoicing. Several months later, when the gentleman had given up hearing from his old-time friend, he received from him one day, a letter saying that mines of great value had been discovered upon his land, and he conveyed a pressing invitation to his benefactor to come and share with him his prosperity. The gentleman went to the place indicated in the letter, found that the mines were indeed valuable, was made a half owner in them, and became, as well as his partner, a millionaire. His friend said to him—“You helped me over a hard place at a time when my needs were most urgent. I am glad to be able now, to do this in return for your great kindness.”

We are never sorry for being kind; never less a man or woman for acknowledging a kindness.

XXVIII.

IS REVERENCE A DUTY?

Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

SHAKESPEARE.

Reverence is respect. In olden times respect and awe were mingled with fear. But that reverence which is yielded through fear is not of much value. The dread phantom of fear ought never to enter into the respect and esteem of a free people. It does not belong there. That cannot be real reverence, behind which Fear stands with a lash; for in such case, one would *seem* to have reverence when the mind, were it not for fear, would deny it.

It is often said that this is not an age of reverence—that in the old time, people, children, everybody were far more reverential than at present. In the past, learning was in the hands of the few. The masses were ignorant and they looked up with great awe to the learned and to those in power. Now, learning is more common—each individual may attain to that which is worthy of respect, however humble his circumstances.

Children were brought up very rigidly in other generations. The father was to the children a sort of king who claimed all rights and yielded none.

Children feared the parent and the rod in his hand.

When these children grew to be parents, remember—

ing their own hard childhood, they relaxed their discipline over their children, and, possibly some have gone to the other extreme, in rearing them.

The dash and hurry of the age, too, whereby many gain ideas quickly, make some pompous and very self-possessed. They think they know so much more than their fathers that they incline to look down upon their simple ways and ideas. This is wrong.

No one will be guilty of rudeness to a parent, or show a lack of reverence or respect toward the aged, when he has been well brought up, or pauses to think of his unjust conduct. Forwardness, or too great boldness of action, is never a good thing in boy or girl, man or woman.

Neither was the trite saying of old—"Children should be seen and not heard,"—a good thing.

Many a child, longing to ask a question, has been repulsed and repressed.

In this new and ever-broadening time, he is encouraged, quietly, patiently, politely, to ask questions, and, respectfully to await an answer.

Noble parents are entitled to reverence, for their constant devotion, their many acts of self-denial, their many days and nights of toil, care and anxiety.

Teachers, who give their attention to the interests of their pupils, whose one sole object is to do their work of training and educating, carefully, truly, and rightfully, are worthy, and should receive the respect of scholars, parents and everyone.

All that, in the past was good and true, all great achievements, all honest effort, all truth, is worthy of reverence.

All endeavors in the present for good, all aims for

higher and nobler work should receive our respect. Honor should always be given where honor is due. Thus, we grow ourselves to be honorable, worthy of honor and respect. He, who, in the face of difficulties and dangers perils life and limb to save others from danger is most worthy of respect. Faithfulness to duty always inspires reverence.

David Simmons was the engineer of the Pacific express train. He was a true man. For twenty years he had held a place on an engine. Years ago, while dashing past Yonkers, Simmons called the attention of his fireman to a train which was sweeping down upon them like the wind. A collision seemed inevitable. The frightened fireman shouted, "Good-bye, Dave; I'm going to jump!" and sprang from the locomotive. Simmons stood with his hand upon the throttle of his engine, like a man of iron. In the face of startling peril, he remembered his duty and stood at his post. A collision was averted, and the heroic engineer saved the lives of a hundred men.

On Monday night, David Simmons was driving his train toward Albany at the rate of forty miles an hour. Near New Hamburg a red light was swung out as from an approaching train. The engineer saw it. It was the signal of danger. David Simmons then whistled down brakes, in the vain hope of stopping the express in time. His fireman took the alarm, and shouted to Simmons to leap for his life. The noble Simmons calmly answered, "I won't! I'll stay with my engine!" Again he stood like a man of iron at his post. The fireman sprang and saved his life. The engineer saw a train on the bridge. He realized that his only hope of safety was to dash through the ob-

struction. He whistled off breaks and crowded on all steam. This was the work of an instant. Simmons peered into the darkness, shading his eyes with one hand, and was dashed into the jaws of death. David Simmons was a hero. His fate is sad; but his noble behavior is the only bright page in the dark history of the awful accident at New Hamburg.

Such instances of bravery and faithfulness win our reverence. So, in the lesser experiences of life there are many occasions of heroism never known to the public, but which are worthy of the reverence of humanity.

Be gentle and respectful. That which you give returns to you in the same coin.

Revere that which is worthy.

XXIX.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Nature does not answer man's questions and lamentings—it hurls him inexorably back on his own help

FUERBACH.

Help yourself.

FRANKLIN.

One of the first lessons of life is that of self-reliance. The baby takes it when he learns to stand alone.

And all the way through life, the command is—*Depend on yourself.*

Morally, no one has any right to lean helplessly upon others, waiting for them to make a straight path to walk in. Each should make his own way and be proud to do it.

If you idly wait in the march of life, some one will be sure to thrust you to the wall and go on ahead.

Would you care to be in the rear? No; then go ahead yourself.

You have a clear understanding, good health, active hands and an active mind.

He who depends upon himself finds happiness in trying. If he fails he will bring no one down with him.

Why should we rely on ourselves?

Because, thus we not only help ourselves but are helpful to others—to those who by constitution, heredity, circumstances, are unable to help themselves.

It is observed in life, that the successful persons are the resolute and self-reliant.

What is self-reliance?

It is to be in harmony with all laws of Nature and the highest morality, the qualities that stand out, by themselves, alone, but firm as granite.

The march of life is onward; it does not stand still.

We are on its ocean. We mark our course, or we drift, hither and yon, at mercy of wave and wind.

He who relies on his own exertions, grows, enlarges, expands.

Schools, and all institutions of learning are experiences of living. They are simply means to start germs of self-action.

Nations are great, in proportion to the number of vigorous, moral, self-reliant men they hold.

Governments are strong as they are composed of moral, self-reliant persons.

Our national government is called the best, because citizens take active interest in it.

As to schools, no school in itself can give a child learning.

The scholar must exert himself.

He is one of the nation.

He is to become a part of the government, is to make government.

If a national government, like ours in America, is progressive and strong, it is because the people are so.

Energy, action, moral training, observance of moral rules, make nations and individuals happy and secure.

Liberty is an effect of true moral growth.

The prominent trait in those who have become great

in the world's estimation is, in all cases, energy, force, application, in a word, self-reliance.

The character of a nation is but a reflex of the character of its people; as they are strong, brave, energetic, liberty-loving, so will be the government and the nation.

Never halt or waver when you know you are right. Never think you cannot succeed, but try, make an effort.

You cannot know the elements that are in you to command success until you look within and bring out the hidden qualities latent there.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed "If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said: "I fulfill my promise from

the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but *cast a line for yourself.*"

He who dares assert the 'I'

May calmly wait

While hurrying fate

Meets his demands with sure supply.

WILMANS.

XXX.

SELF-CONTROL.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or, too late.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I have made as much out of myself, as could be made of the stuff,
and no man should require more.

RICHTER.

The self-poised, self-controlled person is the wise one. Self-respect and self-control, are two advantages, that, possessing, one need not fear failure in life.

To what end is knowledge, education, wisdom, the exercise of moral faculties?

Is it not in order to develop manhood, womanhood? —to make good citizens, upright and worthy members of society, who are entitled to esteem and respect?

One of the finest qualities of such is self-control.

To be able, under the most trying circumstances, to command one's self, to be always able to say to the rising passions of anger, jealousy, fear, or any emotion, "Peace, be still," is a great power.

We are in the world to make the most of ourselves, and our opportunities. In order to do this we should acquire as early as possible, control over ourselves.

Some are easily annoyed, quickly provoked, and

find it exceedingly hard to control that very unruly little member, the tongue, and, also, the facial muscles.

Finding yourself one of this class, make a beginning immediately, try to repress the impatient word, the angry retort, and then, note afterward, how much better you feel by so doing.

Plutarch tells that the geese of Cilicia, when they fly over Mt. Taurus, being afraid of the eagles, by which it is frequented, carry small stones in their mouths, to prevent them from indulging in their habit of gabbling and attracting the attention of the eagles.

The reason and good sense of human beings enable them to do better than that, for they have the power to control the propensity to gabble if they will only exert it. The impulse to laugh, or, rather, to giggle, upon slight provocation, is very noticeable in some young people. It is not the proper thing, and may be productive of much shame and ridicule. To illustrate. A clergyman was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at his hearers and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me, was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then, I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot."

During the rest of the service there was good order.

Again, there is an irrepressible desire to talk much and long. This tendency seems hard to control.

But a good listener makes more profit than a good talker.

It is better to hear of exploits than to relate your own.

We should strive to obtain such mastery over ourselves that we can easily listen, while we say little.

Among strangers, learn of their ways, habits, business, but be chary of relating your own.

Learn to bridle your tongue.

Much trouble would be avoided, many a murder would not have been committed, had man been taught self-control.

Thus, can it easily be seen that self-control is better for society, better for the individual.

It is protection.

In panics, fires, or in any sudden alarm, the self-controlled individual arises and holds a rushing, mad-dened crowd in check, wards off evil and disaster, and brings order from confusion.

It is related of Daniel Webster, upon one occasion, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, the great crowd in the building, many of whom were standing, swayed and moved from side to side. There was some reason to suppose there might occur danger to life, the throng was so dense.

The great orator and statesman spoke, as follows: "Let each one of you stand *firm*! This is the first principle of self-government." So it is. Let us always remember it.

Be firm.

Be self-governed.

Be monarch of yourself.

XXXI.

SELF-RESPECT.

Those who respect themselves will be honorable; but he who thinks lightly of himself, will be held cheap by the world.

CHINESE PROVERB.

To win the respect of others, one must first respect himself. The foundation of good morals is in self-respect.

The self-respecting man is able to face the world with a calm eye and a clear conscience. He has ability to stand fearless before any tribunal.

Respect for one's self lifts one at once into an atmosphere of sweetness, purity and real beauty. It makes one strong and brave and wholesome. It makes him a good, noble and trusted member of the community. It confers upon him a high title—that of *true manhood*.

How careful, then, should we be to win and wear the white ribbon of self-respect.

Have you a beautiful garment, quite new and costly? Would you draggle it in the mud and filth of the street? Would you spit upon it or put it in a stable, to be trampled upon by the beasts? No.

Is not the human body of far finer fabric?

Is not the mind of more beautiful texture than any garment ever woven? You admit it. Then, can you trail the king's vesture of thought in that which dishonors and disgraces?

Would you lower the natural dignity and grace of mind in the abyss of uncleanness and filth?

There is a cesspool of low, groveling thought, in which self-respect is lost, or stained in dishonor.

Ruskin says thought continually chisels upon the human countenance and the keen observer can easily detect the tenor of the mind, whether it be clean or unclean.

To lose self-respect is one of the greatest and one of the most trying losses of mankind.

One may be poor in this world's goods, may lack many of the good things of life, may suffer loss of money, loss of friendship, but if he maintains his self-respect, he is a worthy citizen, a noble man, that no power can corrupt.

This story is told of Col. Samuel Colt, who, in his life-time was inclined to be rather pompous. When he was building dwelling-houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he, one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, quite unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," said the great colonel, drawing himself up with dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Col. Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house, yonder."

The boy straightened up, swelled out, and answered, "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm Patrick Murphy, and live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing the direction.

"Sonny," said the colonel, blandly, "go and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come for more."

That boy had self-respect, and, consequently felt himself in that quality quite the equal of the great millionaire.

It is plainly to be seen that self-respect is a bright jewel that should be guarded with great care.

It should be cherished as we cherish life.

Why?

Because it is a promoter of happiness.

It makes others happy and wins their respect. It is an armor that protects from all powers that aim at destruction.

It is the defender of the virtues—the promoter of morals.

And while we respect ourselves, we will be sure to respect others.

High or low, rich or poor, those who behave themselves are entitled to respect and attention.

Respect yourself.

Act so that you will never think meanly of yourself.

To walk uprightly, to win your own approval is a high aim, a great blessing.

Respect yourself so much that it will be impossible for you to be a coward, to tell a falsehood, or to do a harmful thing in any event. Self-respect is better than fame, better than gold.

XXXII.

FOOLISH PRIDE AND SILLY PREJUDICE.

Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.

R. R. SPRINGER.

Pride, when it consists in a lofty self respect, a noble desire to keep the mind clean, pure and exalted, is justifiable.

The pride of good conduct, right endeavor, true principles, is worthy and honorable.

It is such pride that all should cultivate. But there is another sort of pride that vaunts itself in fine raiment, in an elegant equipage, in costly house or extravagant modes of living, that is despicable.

There is a kind of pride that makes grand displays, and is desirous of impressing others, less favored, with its importance and grandeur.

This is but another name for folly.

Pride, arrayed in costly apparel thinks itself better than one in humbler garb. You must see at a glance, how ridiculous this is.

The costliest silk dress was made from the thread of a worm. The finest wool grew on the back of a sheep. The sealskin sacque costing five hundred dollars, once kept an aquatic animal warm. The material of gloves may be traced to the dog, rat, kid, and a worm, while the cow and her calf furnish boots and

shoes. If you reflect a little, you will see how vain and silly it is to be proud of these things.

To think that one is superior to another on account of possessions, is foolish and betokens ignorance.

True worth is in the mind.

We are to look at the garment of the mind, to see if that is of good fabric, if it will wear well.

The clothing of the body will fade away. The inner garments are enduring and show the real worth, or the want of it. In college once, a young man was laughed at, on account of homespun clothing and cow-hide boots but he was graduated at the head of his class, nevertheless, and took high rank in business, and the community in which he lived.

Prejudice goes hand in hand with an ignoble pride. It wears spectacles, does prejudice, of different colors, and sees accordingly, blue, red, yellow or green, as is the color of the glass. It turns its back upon one seeing differently from itself. It flings a word of hatred and scorn here and there, because others fail to walk in its own little by-path. It puts up bars, and denies entrance to this field or that, and despises one who lets down the bars or leaps the fence.

It wraps itself in its own dry cocoon of mouldy opinions, and would like every one to do the same.

Prejudice is narrow, mean and fault-finding.

It warps and shrivels the mind.

It should be remembered that all have an honest right to think as they please. We are of one origin.

Pride nor prejudice should ever separate us from one another.

We all lie down in the dust, side by side at last.

Life is full of stir, action. There should be no room in it for a vain pride or a foolish prejudice.

Neither pride or prejudice brings happiness or contentment.

Says Saxe—

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose
That all proud flesh wherever it grows
Is subject to irritation.

Benjamin Franklin, rose to distinction, amid hardship, privation and toil. The following story was told by a gentleman in Boston, who remembered the old house in which Franklin was born. "Often," said he, "have I looked at the old tumble-down building in Milk Street and imagined the barefoot boy, sitting on the doorstep, learning to spell from an old post-bill."

A proud young girl, daughter of a distinguished citizen, one day passed him while thus engaged, and the boy overheard her words of ridicule, as with curling lip she laughed at the eagerness of the poor lad, and scornfully derided his "beautiful spelling-book!"

But there came another day when Franklin was ambassador from this country to the Court of France. A wealthy American lady, who was present at one of the festive occasions made in honor of Franklin, greatly desired an introduction to her distinguished countryman. It was obtained and great was her surprise to hear him say: "Aye, aye, we have met before."

She could not remember when, and Franklin added, "You do not remember the barefooted little boy in Milk Street, studying his lesson from the muddy post-bill!"

Although spoken good-humoredly, the fair lady was much disconcerted by the remembrance of the incident. It is to be hoped she learned a lesson therefrom, in regard to the foolishness of a false pride, as well as to treat every one with proper respect, no matter how poor or ragged they may be.

She knew not the name of the barefoot boy; but, he knew her to be the daughter of the rich Mr. — and after being introduced, this incident of his childhood immediately occurred to his mind.

The one who is despised to-day may be honored to-morrow.

Put away vain pride and shallow prejudice. Treat all kindly and tenderly, for we are all brothers and sisters, and belong to the same great human family.

XXXIII.

ANGER, THE DISTORTER.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. BIBLE.

We get our word anger from the Latin *angor*. It means compression of the neck, strangling. In the medical profession, the word is used to denote soreness, inflammation. As ordinarily applied, it means an intense passion, or emotion, induced by real or fancied injury.

Among the savages and uncivilized nations, anger, rage, and jealousy are seldom curbed; and among animals, both wild and domestic, may be witnessed instances of rage, frantic and ungovernable.

We expect nothing different from these creatures. They know no better.

But for civilized and enlightened beings to display passion is revolting and deplorable. Having been taught better they should do better.

We look for more and better things from the wise, than from the ignorant.

If you are quick to anger, strive with all your might to subdue it, to control and check such disposition, for it is a sure mark of the wild beast and the savage.

"What! must I keep my madness in my mouth?" said a bright little girl, who was prone to anger on very slight occasions. "Yes, it is better to do so,"

was the reply. Reflecting a moment she said—"Tis a pretty hard thing to do, but I will try." She did try, and overcame the propensity. Let me show you wherein anger is an evil.

The angry person exposes himself to the pity, contempt, ridicule, and, sometimes disgust of witnesses of his anger. People cannot think well of one who manifests passion by a loud tone of voice, profanity, by kicking over chairs, or whatever stands in his way, throwing books about and slamming doors.

We all like to be thought well of, but a person subject to fits of anger cannot hope to win high respect.

We hear sometimes of a personal devil. Would you see one?

When you are very angry, run and take a peep at yourself in the mirror. See what a face it is you behold! How distorted! How red and swollen! How the veins of the neck are enlarged! How fierce the eyes! How much like a fiend is the reflection! Is it a wild animal with distended nostrils and dishevelled hair that you see? No, it is yourself. Are you not so ashamed that you will never again let your angry passions rise?

Anger is disastrous to health, as well as happiness.

The action of the heart is increased in fits of rage. People have dropped dead in a tumult of ungovernable anger.

There is such a thing as righteous indignation akin to anger, which is pardonable—as when we see another imposed upon, treated unjustly, or unfairly. We have a right to resent such treatment, to take the part of the feeble and unprotected, and to make their cause, when just, our own. So we may resent unrighteous treatment of ourselves, but not in anger.

Some one has said, when angry, stop and count ten before you speak; if very angry, count twenty; if angry clear through, all over, then count one hundred.

When you feel the sparks of anger rising and snapping in your mind, when they scintillate in your eyes, it is better to be silent and bite your lips. The fire will soon go out, and you will feel all the better for it. When anger is concealed in your mind, then you are master of it. If it gets out, it is your master. It should be always in check, because it is important that we be always master of ourselves.

A gentleman, who was engaged to be married to a lady, said to possess a violent temper, resolved to test it. He procured a skein of very snarly sewing silk, and asked her to unravel and wind the same, which he held in his hands. "Oh, yes, certainly," said the lady, smiling. The task was a most difficult one, and the gentleman was struck at the remarkable amiability displayed by his fiancée. At last the feat was accomplished and no signs of ill-temper shown on the part of the lady. After the couple were married, however, there were unmistakable evidences of a bad temper shown by the wife.

"How happened it, my dear," asked the husband, "that you displayed such an angelic disposition when I set you to unwinding the snarl in the silk, since you are so quick-tempered as to display signs of anger on the slightest provocation?"

"Have you ever noticed the bed-post in my room?" she asked. "The one that is so dented and defaced?"

"Yes. When I was unwinding the snarl, you observed I frequently left the room. In my rage I would gnaw the post, and when calm again, return to you and the silk, smiling and pleasant."

"Then," said the husband, "I would suggest that you continue in the same line, that I may see less of your abominable temper."

When one approaches you in anger should you retort in the same tone? No. Speak kindly, and note how quickly the change in the angry one. Meet the frowning face with a smile, the cross word with a pleasant, happy one, the flashing, angry glance with a twinkle and an expression of good-humor.

Anger is the sign-manual of our relationship to wild beasts. It belongs to the childhood of the race. As we rise toward the dignity of true manhood and womanhood we become ashamed of its manifestations. Self-respect and self-control both say, "Away with it. Let its breath not sully or stain a page of the book of this glorious human life."

Anger is belittling. It is disgraceful.

It is barbaric.

It belongs to dark ages.

Spite is its twin brother.

They are children of ignorance.

An old stanza reads—

The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light."

But the really wise, the truly great, will not suffer himself to be angry at all.

Think how silly it is to be angry with another! Wherefore is it? Is he dull? Have patience with him. Is he ignorant? You being wiser, should instruct him. Is he wicked? Find that which makes him so, and remove it.

Be gentle and considerate, but do not be angry with him.

AS TO QUARRELS.

Some are naturally quarrelsome. They seem never happy unless in a quarrelsome dispute. This is neither right or agreeable, because it makes unhappy such as like peace and quietness; because the loud, the vehement voice and angry gestures, are not pleasant to hear or to witness; because quarrels do not lead to happiness, but to misery and wretchedness. The aim of all should be toward a loftier standard of living than that which results from quarreling.

In the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One said one day in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, my dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it can't be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There!" said he, "you say they're yours and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. These stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you're welcome to them."

"But, we shall never quarrel at this rate!" said the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel, anyway?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this simple game again.

Think of this story when you feel inclined to quarrel.

XXXIV.

THE ANGEL OF FORGIVENESS.

"We are too human to condemn a brother;
Perchance the same temptation if it found us,
Would prove us weaker far than many another,
And wrap its veil of obloquy around us." ANON.

What is forgiveness? It is the ceasing of resentment toward one who has wronged us.

Why should we forgive?

Because we are human and not without faults ourselves.

Because we would like to be forgiven for wrongdoing.

Because it is manly, it is noble, it is just and honorable.

Pittacus says, "Forgiveness is more beautiful than vengeance; the first is human, the last is brutal."

And, should we not desire to grow more human, more greatly human in the best sense of the word?

Should we not try to extinguish base passion and develop high and lofty virtues?

For what purpose?

That we may thus become better and nobler in the home, the school, in society, everywhere; and also, that we may stand as examples, fit for others to follow and emulate. Besides, as Voltaire wisely said, "We are all full of weaknesses and errors; let us mutually

pardon each other, our follies—it is the first law of nature.”

It is not known how soon you, yourself, may be guilty of some act in an unguarded moment, for which you would crave forgiveness.

Then, ought you, in reason, to withhold from others that which you would like for yourself?

Justice tells you, you should not.

But what if forgiveness is not sought? Should you forgive the same?

Even, though the offense be not regretted by the offending party that is no reason you should not regret it, and show by your personal behavior, how superior you are to carrying an offence permanently.

Life is too brief to cherish resentment, and an unforgiving nature. In its place we should put kindness, forbearance, good-will, greatness of human nature. These are the surest weapons to overthrow all enemies.

In the negotiations between the courts of England and Spain, King James the First, then at Theobalds, was one day much vexed at missing some important papers which he had received relative to the marriage of his son to the Spanish princess. On recollection, he was persuaded that he had given them to the care of his old servant, Gib, a Scotsman, who was one of the gentleman of the king's bed-chamber. Gib, on being called, declared humbly and firmly, that no such papers had ever been given to his care, which so enraged the king that he kicked him as he bent down before him.

“Sir,” exclaimed Gib, instantly rising, “I have served you from my youth, and you never found me

unfaithful. I have not deserved this injustice from you, nor can I live longer with you since my honesty is disputed. Fare ye well, sir, and I will never see your face more."

Poor Gib instantly set off to town. No sooner was the circumstance known in the palace than the papers were brought to the king by Endymion Porter, to whom he had given them. His majesty then asked for Gib, and being told that he was gone, ordered his servants to post after him and bring him back, vowing that he would not sleep until he had seen him, and made some reparation for the wrong he had been guilty of, in suspecting so faithful a servant. When Gib entered the royal apartment, the king ran to embrace him, then, kneeling before the astonished servant, humbly begged his pardon; nor, would he rise from this humble posture till he had compelled the deeply wounded, but now restored servant, to pronounce the word of absolution.

What a world this would be to live in if forgiveness were impossible!

Man would be no longer man, but a creature below the brute; for the brutes forgive. The dog will lick the hand that strikes him down. Forgiveness is the sweet flower of moral greatness.

It is the green foliage of moral worth.

It is the royal power of benevolence.

It is the symbol of humanity, brave and beautiful.

It is the bond of human brotherhood.

It is the strength of great minds.

XXXV.

OBSERVATION A GREAT FACULTY.

Some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Engiand.

JOHNSON.

Two lads went to the seaside. One saw only water and sand; the other saw beautiful aquatic plants, long strips of sea-grass like ribbons, swarms of busy insects and small fishes, pink-tinted shells, and living creatures in them, the whitest pebbles, king crabs, mol-lusks, jelly-fish and little eels, the wonderful ebb and flow of the tides, and banks full of lively clams and dull oysters. He was full of information, and it was a delight to listen to the account of his trip. There are eyes to the mind, so to speak, as well as the outward organs of vision. They can be trained to see much in a world teeming with beauty and knowledge. Many rare curiosities may be seen on every hand when eyes are opened to them.

Our eyes are for seeing, not to be blinded, closed all the way through life.

Do you know how it was we came to have suspension bridges? I will tell you. Capt. Samuel Brown was occupied in the contemplation of the construction of a bridge across the river Tweed. He could hardly get hold of the right idea until one morning, when walking in his garden, he observed the beauty of the autumn-tinted leaves, and the beads of dew upon them.

As he paused to admire the lovely scene before him, he saw a spider's web suspended immediately across his path. "Ah," said he, "this is just what we want!" The idea suggested, he went to work and produced the bridge. The great Brooklyn Bridge is an illustration of the thought inspired by the spider's web.

An apple fell from a tree. Sir Isaac Newton noted its dropping to the ground and from that simple occurrence the knowledge of gravitation was evolved. How many millions of apples had fallen before that time, and thought nothing of!

The discovery of the diffraction of light was discovered by a man (Dr. Young,) watching the changing colors of a soap-bubble. So might thousands of instances be cited where the great benefits of life have been suggested by that which at first, would appear trifling and insignificant.

When Columbus was sailing in quest of a new world, the time seeming long to the seamen, they arose in mutiny; and Columbus, anxious and distressed, knew not how to subdue it.

Looking into the water he observed a bit of sea-grass, such as is cast up along shore. "See," said he, "we are nearing the land. This kind of sea weed is never found in mid-ocean." The mutinous uprising was quelled at once. This knowledge of the nature of sea-weeds was due to observation.

We sometimes are apt to think little things of only slight importance, unworthy of notice, but,

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

When Franklin discovered that lightning and electricity were one and the same, people laughed at him,

and many did not believe it. "What's the use of it?" they said. "It won't amount to anything." "What is the use of a child?" answered Franklin. "It may become a man." To-day the electric telegraph, telephone, phonograph, the beautiful electric light, all speak the importance and usefulness of Franklin's great discovery.

Great results follow small beginnings. We begin with A B C and master the alphabet at last.

It is our business to take note of everything around and about. The busy brain, the observant eye is that which the world calls for. Observation makes skilled workmen and these command highest prices in the labor markets. By observation, one may learn wherein he lacks; the qualities most desirable, also, he may thus discover. Thus, observation may be a discipline of the mental and moral nature. The mistakes and failures we observe make us more careful and cautious.

The purpose of training is to develop all faculties—the whole being.

He who walks with brain alert, and hands ready for action in any good cause, is an important factor in the nation to which he belongs—is a part of the saving power of the country.

OPPORTUNITY.

Observation and opportunity are close friends. He who looks for opportunities can find them. But, it requires a cool brain to perceive the golden opportunity when it presents itself.

It is said that "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you

may hold her, but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

A good moral understanding sharpens the vision, intensifies the intellect and gives tone and energy to the whole being. Thus, if you would make the most of opportunities, you must have not only quick observation, but keen judgment, power to see where energy may be applied, and excellent moral qualities, which give vigor to effort. An intellect clouded by intoxicants, warped by prejudice, cannot see the opportunities at hand. The mind is clogged and moves slowly and laboriously in a time-old routine. Four young men were seen reeling and staggering along the street, tottering under the influence of bar-room and saloon. They could not see the best opportunity. Behind them, with brisk, energetic step, walked one whose eyes were wide opened to see and seize upon any opportunity for good.

It is not difficult to map out the career of these five young men. Four are heading toward the station-house, the jail and the penitentiary. Poverty, disease, misery, perhaps murder and suicide are waiting for them. The fifth, with bright, onward vision, goes straight on to business, honor, fame, fortune. He is watchful and observant. He will turn every opportunity to account.

Sir Humphrey Davy entered in his notebook these words: "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me; yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends than if I had been born with all these advantages." With this chart before him, and a mind open to convictions, quick to see and take the present opportunity, how

could he help but become famous—one of the greatest chemists of the world?

The architect of the great Crystal Palace, Sir Joseph Paxton, was gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. Plans for the palace were called for by advertisement. This gardener had not even drawing paper at his command. He wanted to make a plan of the palace right off. What do you suppose he did? He seized the first piece of paper near him which happened to be a sheet of blotting paper. He drew a plan which was accepted as the best possible. Do you think he was enabled to draw that plan on the impulse of the moment? No; the drawing had been preceded by years of care, years of toil, years of study.

We live a large life by using the faculty of observation. By observation we see that those who pay heed to the laws of nature, who walk uprightly, who try to conduct themselves as nearly right as they know, live honorable lives and are happy.

Observation shows, also, that opportunities are open on every side to those who look for them.

Reason tells us to use our eyes and our common sense in our journey through the world, if we would be happy, and contribute to the happiness of others.

XXXVI.

PERSEVERANCE, THE FRIEND OF MAN.

There is to whom all things are easy: his mind as a master key,
Can open, with intuitive address, the treasures of art and science.
There is to whom all things are hard; but industry giveth him a
crowbar

To force with groaning labor
The stubborn lock of learning.

TUPPER.

The accomplishment of aims, the successes in life are due to concentration of effort, to energy and perseverance. We see persons plodding along day after day, not showing much for their work at first, but finally astonishing every one by their acquirements and prosperity. "They have genius!" it is said. But what is genius? Buffon said "genius is only patience."

It is work.

It is the power to start at work with an object in view, to never let that object out of sight, to keep straight on, no matter what stumbling blocks are in the path.

It is the keeping steady at one employment till the work is complete.

It is the not being discouraged.

Success does not come by accident. It comes by utilization of time, by thought, by reason, by work. "Such an one is lucky," you say. But is there any such thing as luck? "Luck!" said the Duke of Wellington, "I made luck." Instead of luck the force that

wins is application. Kepler was a lifetime working out his three laws of the universe.

A busy lawyer mastered the French language by employing just fifteen minutes after dinner every day to its study. Elihu Burritt, called "the learned black smith," attributed his success to the persevering habit of utilizing "odd moments." He earned his daily bread at the blacksmith's forge, and, at the same time, learned eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two European dialects. He said, "All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish, has been and will be, by that plodding, patient persevering process of accretion which builds the antheap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of the country an example in employing those valuable fragments of time called "odd moments."

He did make an example for you and for me, and for all.

He taught us a lesson of perseverance—how to keep right on in our work and not falter or faint.

If we sink under discouragement, or adverse circumstances, we are lost.

The thing to do is to sink discouragement, not ourselves.

It is to plunge into labor, if we mean to achieve an end.

To aim toward a high mark, and resolve by all fair means to reach it, is wisdom. To do a little at this, and a little at that, is scattering energies, wasting time. Darwin was a man, as all admit, of great worth to the

world. How did he become so? By perseverance, by putting all his force and energy into his work, and employing every moment of time, in spite of a poor state of health and many drawbacks.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." And, in whatever we undertake, we need to put health, strength, power, energy. For that purpose we should see that we live truly and morally, because right methods of living, give us power, energy, force, pluck, perseverance.

The men and women most needed in the world, which is a great industrial and moral school, a college to teach people how to live, are the men and women of energy and perseverance. Without such, the business of living would totter and reel backward.

Failure is not to be entertained as the final goal.

One attempt, two, three or four, may be fruitless.

Try again, and still again.

If you get thrown, in an encounter with work, jump up, roll up your sleeves and start in again.

If you are trying to overcome evil with good, and it seems all up-hill labor, call all your best forces, take a night's rest, and start on with renewed vigor. Hopefulness and the will to do, are what you want.

If others outrun you in the race take a long breath and distance them by strength and perseverance.

Do not let the word "Fail" come into your mind as a possible result, but go straight toward the purpose in view, slowly, it may be, but, surely, till the end sought is accomplished.

It was only by intense and thorough application for years, unceasing devotion to his cause, that Humboldt gave to the world his *Cosmos*. All men and women

who bless the world by their successes, have not done so, by means of any special favoritism of fortune, but by hard labor and thorough application. The road their feet trod is open for you and for all.

THE SPIDER A TEACHER.

The famous Robert Bruce of Scotland, having been defeated in battle, was obliged to flee and hide himself sometimes in the woods and sometimes in the huts of poor peasants; for his enemies were in hot pursuit and determined upon his death if they could but find him.

One morning after a sleepless night of weariness and anxiety, he was lying on a heap of straw, alone in a deserted hut, and he felt greatly depressed and almost discouraged. As he lay there thinking, he looked up and saw a spider trying to swing himself by his thread, from one beam to another. The spider failed and the thread swung back to its former position. He made another effort, fell back again, but immediately renewed the attempt. The attention of Bruce was now fully aroused and his feelings enlisted for the little insect. Again and again the little creature failed, but as often renewed the attempt with unabated energy, and after thirteen unsuccessful efforts, succeeded in the fourteenth, in reaching the desired position.

The lesson of perseverance taught by the spider, roused the desponding hero to new exertion. He arose, went forth from his hiding-place, collected his friends, defeated his enemies in a great and decisive battle, and was soon after crowned King of Scotland.

Perseverance is a great help to right-living. In a right direction, it keeps the mind clean, pure, and free from taint of wrong-doing. It makes us strong to

overcome that which is destructive and hurtful. Hence, we should strive to keep and hold to this good quality at all times and in all places.

Make this thy high and grand resolve,
Though cloud and tempest linger near;
Though shadows dark round thee revolve,
In all right ways to persevere.

XXXVII.

PUNCTUALITY, A PROMOTER OF SUCCESS.

Punctuality is the politeness of kings.

LOUIS XIV.

Be punctual. In whatever you undertake remember punctuality is one of the first marks in the score of success.

"Be on hand" is an excellent motto. The one who comes late to breakfast will be apt to come late to every other place.

If you have an appointment it is certainly better to be fifteen minutes early than a half minute late, even though you wait outside till the clock strikes the hour for your admittance.

Nothing is ever lost by being on time, while much is sometimes taken, by being a little late.

Lord Nelson was free to say that he owed all his success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before the time set for any engagement.

By lack of promptitude, you may disarrange the affairs of a day. "Time and tide wait for no man." It is wrong to compel any man to wait for us.

To learn the value of time is a great acquisition. Knowing it, you start early enough to accomplish all your desires, and affairs move smoothly on, without haste or trouble. Appointments met on the hour, business attended to promptly, make no confusion, puts no one out.

Whatever is to be done, no matter how disagreeable the doing, it is better to go about it and get it done at once. Do not wait until the last moment, and then run for life, overturning things in the way, and rush about your work with the fury of a madman.

Start right in the morning, and you will be apt to go right the whole day.

Time is the most valuable possession in a sense, because it comes not back again. Once gone it is gone forever.

No one is surer of making friends than he who has the habit of punctuality.

What does punctuality show? It shows that we are faithful to ourselves and regardful of others.

Is not this a virtue?

It certainly is.

An English publisher by the name of Tegg, arose from a very humble position in life to distinction. He said that he "had lodged with beggars and had had the honor of presentation to royalty, and that he attributed his success to three things—punctuality as to time, self-reliance and integrity in word and deed."

When we fail to be punctual we are an impediment in the way of those who are disposed to habits of promptitude.

We have no moral right to thus interfere with the arrangements of others.

As we would like others to be punctual with us, so should we take care to be punctual ourselves.

Punctuality wins confidence. People have reason to believe that the punctual man is the conscientious one; thus punctuality gives tone and respect, quality and force to character. Business first, pleasure afterward, is the word of the person of punctuality.

An honest farmer once called upon the late Roger M. Sherman, the celebrated lawyer, and told him he wanted an opinion. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's opinions and how a great many people went to him to get an opinion, and John, who had never had, nor was likely to have a lawsuit or other difficulty for a lawyer to help him from, thought he would have an opinion.

"Well, John, what can I do to help you?" said Mr. S. when John in his turn was shown into the room.

"Why, lawyer," replied John, "I happened to be in town, and, having nothing to do, I thought I would come and get your opinion."

"State your case, John, What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. I ain't got no lawsuit; I only want to get one of your opinions; they say they are very valuable."

"But, John—about what"

"Oh, anything, sir; take your pick and choice."

Mr. Sherman, seeing the notion of his client on the matter in hand, took a pen and writing a few words folded them up and handed them to John, who carefully placed them in his pocket.

"What's to pay, sir?"

"Four and six-pence, Yankee money—75 cents."

When John returned home the next morning, he found his wife, who took the lead in business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm servant, the propriety of getting in a large quantity of oats that day, which had been cut on the day previous.

John, was appealed to, to settle the question, but he could not decide. At length he said, "I'll tell you what, Polly; I've been to a lawyer and got an opinion

that cost me four and six-pence. There it is—read her out; it's a lawyer's writing, and I can't make head or tail out of it."

John, by the way, could not read the plainest print; but Polly, who was something of a scholar, opened the paper and read as follows: "Be punctual, never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."

"Enough said!" cried John. "Them oats must be got in." And they were "got in," and the same night such a storm came on as otherwise would have ruined them entirely.

John afterward often consulted the opinion and acted upon it; and, to this day entertains a high estimate of lawyers' opinions generally, and of the lamented Mr. Sherman's in particular.

It would be a good thing to post the motto of punctuality in every conspicuous place in town and country. It would save a deal of trouble and sorrow.

XXXVIII.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE.

Our times of greatest pleasure are when we have won some high peak of difficulty, trodden under foot some evil, and felt, day by day, so sure a growth of moral strength within us that we cannot conceive of an end of growth.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

This would be a dull world indeed, were there no obstacles to overcome. If the paths in life were smooth, if all the roads were macadamized for us, and we had only to travel on, uninterrupted, we would soon become as stupid and sluggish as snails.

What are difficulties for?

To remove, of course. Who is to remove them? You, and you, and you.

What is the purpose of stumbling-blocks?

To show how easily they may be kicked out of the way. By whom?

By those in whose path they seem to have fallen.

Who else knows how to do this necessary duty so well, or so ably?

Why should there exist so many shades and shams to mar the lot of man? To be dispersed, put away, as well as to show the difference between shadows and sunlight, and the glowing beauty of truth. Who can fight error and put to flight and dismay, the hypocrisies in the world, like the moral, kind-hearted, clear-headed people who have learned the principles of true living?

Those are not the best and most trusted citizens who began life in comfort, and sailed along on smooth seas all the way. Such do not know themselves or their powers of endurance. We have to face the rough winds and storms in order to appreciate the warmth of the mellow days, the calm of repose. Difficulty is development. We grow, and find that which is in us, by battling with obstacles.

In practical life, difficulties are encountered everywhere.

It is not highest wisdom in friends to be continually making pleasant places for their favorites. The rough and thorny ways are for the bringing out of true men, real women. Out of the struggle is born greatness of mind—of intellect—of moral strength. We suffer much, it may be, while passing through difficult encounters, but, passing them successfully, we feel ourselves growing firmer and stronger. Looking backwards, we may often see how the difficulties have helped to a higher and better foothold.

There is a story of a man walking one day in the town of Sydney, in Australia, he picked up a mass of rough stone as he supposed, or, at most, a piece of common quartz. He thought it possible, however, that there might be gold mixed in with it. So he took his hammer and broke the stone in fine pieces, washed and sifted all the particles and the result was, he found sixteen ounces of pure gold within the rough, coarse rock. Just so do difficulties and struggles with obstacle after obstacle, bring out the fine gold of character, and, we learn what we are good for.

We should not, then, shrink from difficulties, although it cannot be said that any would willingly court

them. But, since they must come, try to meet them bravely, valiantly, as necessary lessons contributing to our well-being, a part of the discipline of life.

“Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there,
You'll find no other where.”

Are you striving for some especial privilege, some great achievement? And does the way seem crowded with things adverse to your advancement? Try all the harder to overcome them. Are you in search of an education? You will be sure to get it by seeking earnestly. Think how many advantages are in your favor, instead of repining over the difficulties. Do you desire to make a clean way for yourself and for others who are to follow?

How shall you begin? By first being clean yourself and so continuing.

It was the indomitable energy and fearlessness of General Grant that won for him success. Persistency, intention to surmount, to defy difficulties, will overcome them. And those very difficulties are necessary means of self-improvement.

All progress in life, illustrated by thousands of instances, is born of pain, trial, difficulties.

Nothing teaches better than example.

Ben Johnson was a bricklayer, and worked, it is said, at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket, in which he studied every minute that he could snatch from his work.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, when writing “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” was burdened with domestic cares, and often was obliged to pause in the middle of a sentence to make the kitchen fire or to cook a beefsteak.

Why should you be careful to overcome difficulties?

Because you will thus develop firmness, perseverance, and all good qualities that elevate and ennoble.

You, yourself may become an example for others.

You may be cited as a copy for those more timid, less hopeful.

"Ah," you say, "all that I strive for, all that I meet and overcome, my strength, my good fortune, may all leave me in one moment of forgetfulness."

What then? Why, try again. The roots of success are still there. If they are scorched by the heat, or chilled by defeat, coax them to new life, and new strength, and press on again with renewed determination.

It is told that on a certain occasion, an ambassador, whom the Emperor Charlemagne had sent to an eastern monarch, while sitting at the table of the latter, quite thoughtlessly moved a dish that was near him. It happened that the king had issued an edict that if a guest touched a dish before himself was served, he should be put to death. Therefore, most naturally, every eye was turned toward the envoy, and, some of the courtiers proclaimed his offense and loudly demanded his immediate punishment. The monarch was in a dilemma. On the one hand he dreaded the displeasure of so mighty a ruler as Charlemagne, by putting his representative to death; on the other, he was unwilling that his subjects should find him remiss in the execution of any law which he had promulgated. Of the two alternatives, the latter seemed to him the worse; so he acquainted the ambassador with the law of the land and told him he must die.

"I sinned ignorantly," said the Frank, "but igno-

rance of the law is no excuse for its violation. Your every decree must be carried out to the very letter, and I am the last who would wish you to relax from your vigor in my behalf. I only implore your Highness to grant me a single favor before I die."

"It is not my desire, but the law renders thy death necessary," replied the monarch, "and I promise to grant whatever thou askest. My word is fate."

"I only ask," remarked the ambassador, looking around with a grim smile, "that the eyes of all who saw me touch the dish be placed in my hand." Hearing this the courtiers gazed upon one another with fear and trembling. Even the king himself was dismayed, but the promise had been given and the singular request must be complied with. So he said: "It shall be done."

On inquiry, however, not one was to be found among the courtiers nor among the servants who was willing to acknowledge that he had witnessed the act; and the king confessed that he had not seen it.

"If no one saw me commit the deed, there is no evidence to prove me guilty," observed the ambassador, "and, certainly there can be no reason why I should suffer death."

"Thou sayest wisely," returned the monarch, who was so delighted at the ambassador's shrewdness and cunning in getting out of the difficulty, that he not only pardoned him, but bestowed upon him many presents of exceeding value.

There was never a difficulty that had not a path leading out of it.

XXXIX.

TEMPTATION, THE DEMON ON THE HIGHWAY.

Keep virtue's simple truth before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

THOMPSON.

Temptations are all along the pathway of life. Voices of tempters, in musical tones proffering the cup of illicit pleasure, meet one at almost every step. "Come this way," "Here you will find comfort," "This way leads you to power," "Here is wealth, place, luxury." These are some of the calls of the tempter.

With music and banners, with smiles and beauty, with every attractive quality to lure, strive the emissaries of temptation, ready with every device to catch the unwary and innocent.

It is extremely difficult for some to get through life without entanglement in some one of the many entrancing and enticing elements of the tempters. Once falling into the toils of these wily deceivers, it is hard to regain the high estate of true manhood and lofty womanhood.

It is easy to fall, and easier still to sink lower, after taking the first downward step. It is harder to retrace the steps.

We are two-fold in our nature. The higher intellectual nature of man, with superior power over all animal passions and tastes, makes him a tower of strength, a fort of moral defense against all that would injure or destroy.

The baser or lower passions of man, uncontrolled, are the cruel demons of his existence. The dual natures are each important, each natural and beautiful, but, the higher, the intellectual, must be dominant, must rule, if man would be wise and happy. Here comes in, most aptly, the power of habit.

Accustom yourself to resistance of evil, to be governed by reason and good judgment, and you are safe.

It is usually in the first struggle, that safety, or ruin, lies. When temptation comes in any form, say NO in the largest of capitals and stick to it. Doing this, you have at once become a king, a ruler over a kingdom.

You can meet the next tempter with the power and dignity of a king.

It may be asked, Why not yield to temptation once in a while? Because there is always danger in even one transgression and that the slightest. Because, although you may feel strong enough, yourself, you set a dangerous example for a weaker brother, who may not be aware of his own weakness.

Because moral nature is debased by the smallest inclination to wrong. Because you feel ashamed of your yielding to temptation, and this tells you at once you have done an injustice to yourself, humiliated your high moral nature.

Because the community wants men and women who are above temptation of any sort, and you are to take your place in the world as a man, as a woman. Because temptations, indulged, are costly, and your money is needed for higher, better, more useful purposes.

But, you say, suppose you are not possessed of

money, and something comes across your path, whereby you may make a large sum of money, although not in an honorable way, or, by a just method—shall you run the chances at the risk of lowering your manhood? Never. A good conscience is better than all the wealth in the world.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia. Franklin was offered an article for publication in his paper. Being very busy he begged the gentleman to leave it for consideration. The next day the author called, and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But, being at a loss on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue: at night when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which I supped heartily, and then, wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and mug of water afforded a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid court. "Meal, please your Majesty," said Socrates, "is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I get for nothing."

What sublime examples these men furnish! A crust of bread and a clear conscience, to them, were superior to all temptations of wealth, ease and bodily comfort.

Yet, should we have charity for those who, having less firmness and stability of character, fall into evil ways. We are not all strong, like Franklin or Socrates, but we can all try to be strong, and the victory is always to him that overcometh.

Whatever temptations others fall into, we may never, perhaps, know, how hard they tried to resist wrong, nor how much they did refrain from. It is possible that if we knew all that is brought to bear upon those who fall, and all that they do overcome, we should feel to give them the meed of praise for much virtue and self command.

But we are never to relax watch over ourselves, to see that we fall not into the power of the tempter.

It is for us to make our standard of daily conduct high.

Our colors of resistance to temptation must be nailed to every peak and pinnacle of our moral nature, that all may see and know just what we mean to do; then the temptations of life, like evil shadows, will flee away into darkness.

There is no tyrant and enslaver like the tempters that lurk in every city, town and hamlet, in every highway and byway of life.

They are the Neros to be shunned and dreaded as the fatal epidemic, or the sting of the adder.

"Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
And without that, the conqueror is nought
But the first slave."

A PARABLE.—A huntsman walked with his son in the fields; a deep brook separated them. The boy wanted to pass over to his father, but he could not for the

brook was wide. Immediately he cut a branch from the next bush, put the stick into the brook, leaned upon it and gave a great leap. But, behold! it was the branch of an elder tree; and as the boy was flinging himself over the brook, the stick broke and the waves splashed and foamed over his head.

A shepherd, who saw this from a distance, ran up raising a loud cry; the boy, however, blew the water from his mouth and swam, laughing, to the other side. Then, the shepherd said to the huntsman: "You seem to have taught your son many things; but, one thing you have forgotten. Why did you not accustom him to investigate the interior before he opens his heart to confidence? If he had examined the soft pith of the tree, he would not have relied on the deceiving bark."

"My friend," answered the huntsman, "I have taught him to use his eyes and his strength; thus I may leave him to experience. Time will teach him suspicion; but he will manfully withstand temptation, for his eye is keen and his strength is tried "

We should bear in mind the fact that, yielding to temptation, wrong-doing, brings its own punishment.

You cannot escape the penalty of wrong actions.

You cannot pass by it.

No one can suffer for you, though they may suffer on your account.

Avoid temptation, fall not into its snares and thus avoid pain and suffering.

XL.

HABIT, SECOND NATURE.

How use doth breed a habit in a man.

SHAKESPEARE.

Habit is sometimes called second nature. Repetition makes habit. We become familiar with art by the frequent performance of acts relating to art. The skilled artisan is so because of doing over and over, and over again, the same thing. At length, the habit of doing work well is so fixed and firm, that he could hardly do it ill, if he tried. The face is washed every morning from long years of habit, so that, on rising, if this duty is neglected, one feels uneasy and he cannot readily take up any work till the ablution is first attended to.

We practice music lessons until the habit is so fixed that, at the appointed hour we go to the piano almost involuntarily. We exercise the vocal organs until we come to sing without special effort. We arise at a certain hour in the morning, and finally, it makes us unhappy if we do not get up immediately when the clock strikes the certain hour.

Thus it may be seen how easily and unconsciously, habit may become our ruler.

How important then, that habits formed when young be correct, and firmly based upon right principles.

Good habits, habits of industry, thrift, carefulness,

habits of thinking in pure channels, once fixed, generally remain permanent.

Bad habits, loose ways of thinking, habits of wastefulness, indolence, become just as firmly fixed as good habits.

How absolutely important, then, that we start with good habits, instead of bad ones, if we expect to get on well in life; for, habits, good or bad, constitute character and conduct.

What is meant when we speak of a person as one of good habits?

The idea intended to be conveyed is, that the person is moral, is just, true and fair in his ways of living—that the conduct of his life tends to create happiness and agreeable conditions.

He has attained this by long continuance in correct habits of thinking and acting.

The same in regard to a person, of whom it is said, he is a man, or a boy, of bad habits. This one has repeatedly behaved badly, done wrong acts, and makes people about him ill at ease; his friends are often pained by his conduct and he brings a moral poison into the atmosphere of his surroundings. Bad habits are simply the repetition of bad actions, like lying, stealing, cursing, gambling, keeping vicious company; while good habits are the reverse of these actions.

We cannot be too watchful of ourselves in the formation of habits, since they fix themselves imperceptibly upon us, and, in fact, become a part of us, before we are aware. It is told of a lawyer who had formed a habit of always holding a key in his hand, while arguing before a jury, that, some one removed the key once, unbeknown to him. He was just about

to open his plea for the plaintiff. He commenced his argument and began a search for his key at the same time. He searched his pockets carefully, looked among the papers upon his desk, but could not find it. He hesitated in his speech, finally became disconcerted, lost the thread of his argument, and was obliged to sit down, without accomplishing anything. Had he found his key, all would have gone on splendidly.

Good habits are based upon good morals.

A lad starting out in life with a clear foundation of good habits, may feel assured of success in his undertakings.

Good habits are the invincible barriers that resist the breakers of temptation, and destroy the snares that are set for the unthinking.

The conscience is strengthened, or weakened, by habits of thought.

A child under ten years is very much in the power of its teachers and guardians, as to the formation of habits or ways of thinking. It is highly necessary, as any one may see, that the exact truth be given, the highest principles engrafted upon the tender mind, that no false impression be placed there to be unlearned at some future date, perhaps with shame and grief.

A gentleman once asked his friend how he should train up his son in the way he should go. "By going that way yourself," was the reply.

This shows that we fall into habits by observing the habits of others.

Dr. Thompson in his book, tells a pretty story of once when he was climbing a steep mountain and was nearly to the top, carefully creeping along over precip-

itous and projecting rocks. All at once he heard far below, a sweet, silvery voice—"Take the safe path, father; I'm coming after you." His heart stood still as he realized the danger of his precious child. In the same way boys are coming right along after their parents and teachers, taking on habits similar to theirs, and following in their footsteps.

The wise will take the safe path, always.

One who does not wish to see his son smoke cigars, drink liquor and the like, will carefully avoid those habits, himself.

A bad habit is dangerous and hurtful. The injury of a bad habit cannot be calculated.

The Duke of Orleans was the oldest son of King Louis Phillippe, and inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a kind hearted young man and universally popular. But he had one bad habit. He was fond of wine-drinking. One morning he invited a few of his companions to breakfast, as he was about to depart from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank too much wine. He did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect, a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble; but, in that joyous hour, he drank just one glass too much.

In taking the parting glass he partly lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions he entered his carriage; but for the one glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from his carriage; but for the one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop near by, and died. The extra glass of wine

overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

Will you not be careful how you form bad habits?

But can not a bad habit be changed? Certainly.

Yet, it is hard to effect such a change, especially when one is past youth.

There is but one way to abandon bad habits, as there is but one to acquire them, and that is told in one word—practice.

Honestly try, and try hard, and the habit will finally be overcome. If there is anything you do, that you are convinced is wrong and demoralizing, turn from it instantly.

Said Epictetus, "Wouldst thou be no longer of a wrathful temper? Then do not nourish the aptness to it, give it nothing that will increase it, be tranquil from the outset, and number the days when thou hast not been wrathful. The aptness is first enfeebled, then destroyed. And you can say, 'To-day I was not vexed, nor yesterday, nor for two or three months past; but I was heedful when anything happened to move me thus.' Know then, that thou art in good case. But if thou hast been once defeated, and fallen into the bad habit again, you make a new resolve, and say *The next time I will conquer*. You must conquer *now*, this time, and, by never relaxing this industrious heeding you will rid yourself of, at least, a few of your faults."

Power of habit cannot be over-estimated. A Russian writer has said—"Habits (good) are a necklace of pearls; untie the knot and the whole unthreads."

Some one has asked why it is that the sons of rich

men do not turn out so well as their fathers. One great reason is because they are less careful as to the formation of good habits. They have greater means of indulgence and these means operate to their ruin.

A worthy Scotch couple when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation:

"When we began life together we worked hard, and lived upon porridge and such like, gradually adding to our comfort as our means improved, until we were able to dine off a bit of roast meat and sometimes a boilt chuckie (fowl); but, as for Jock, our son, he began where we had left off—*he began wi' the chuckie first.*"

Good habits make good life. Good life is the prize of all true living.

Those countries are the best to live in, that contain the greater number of orderly, well-behaved, self-respecting men and women; men and women whose habits, whose ways of thinking are above reproach.

XLI.

POWER OF WILL.

I can because I will.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE,

Three roots bear up dominion: Knowledge, Will,—
These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—
Obedience—'tis the great tap root that still
Knit round the rock of duty, is not stirred,
Though heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

LOWELL.

The will is an admirable quality. The strong-willed are those who make strong points, either for good or ill. It is common to some to say that the will must be broken in childhood—much as one would break a colt to the harness—that there is little good in the person unless the will is subdued by force.

In olden times it was regarded as a holy obligation to break the will of a child. Now let us see about this will—what is it?

Would you not say it is that faculty that enables one to act for himself? Behind the will lie motives, and the will is active, for good or evil, according to the motive back of it.

One who possesses a strong will, if guided by correct motives, will do good acts; but, the weak-willed person will be forever getting into trouble, although he may be fully aware of the right, but not having sufficient strength of will, he will yield a little here

and more there, against his better judgment, oftentimes.

Is there anything more pitiful than a child, or a man, devoid of a will of his own? Is not such a character like a ship at sea without a rudder, without a compass, whiffing about with any breeze that blows?

The drift and drivel of humanity may be found composed largely of men and women who have no force of will.

They cannot be depended upon, and the world has little use for such. No greater calamity could happen to a high minded, aspiring youth than to extinguish his will-power.

Parents often complain of wilful children, when, if they would look within themselves the cause would be apparent.

Dr. Crane, who was once principal of a New Jersey Conference Seminary, tells this story about a man who came to place his son in the institution. When he was about to depart, and had got as far as the door, he stopped to make a final remark.

Said he, "'You will find John truthful, obedient and affectionate. He is a good boy in general, but,' (here he assumed a stern look, and spoke in a stern tone) 'he has one very bad habit. He has learned to smoke, and,' (more sternly) 'I want you to break him of it, if you have to break his neck!'

"And then, taking off his hat, he drew a cigar from the lining, put it in his mouth, and said:

"'John, go and get me a match.'

"Of course I could only let 'expressive silence' signify my sense of the important duty I was expected to undertake; but, I inwardly determined that if John's

neck was to be broken for following his father's example, the father himself must do the deed. I will not affirm that cases of gross inconsistency like this are numerous; but who will say that they are few?"

"Oh, but children are so bad—they must be broken of their will or they will not amount to anything," says one.

No, no. The will must be governed by reason, trained by habit, not broken.

Slaves are made of those who have broken, or feeble wills. We want no slaves among us. He who has no will is an imbecile. He who has only a feeble one is not much better. He cannot say No, but, the strong-willed can say it and stick to it. It is will-power, strength of purpose that is needed. But should a child be left to go as he pleases, simply because his will is not to be disturbed? Of course not.

The truth should be presented in a clear light, and reason will show the right way to go and when to stop.

Wilfulness reduced to obstinacy is wrong, so also is indulgence of will to the hurt of parent, teacher or friend.

These three wish us no ill. We owe to them kindness, respect and gratitude for all they have done, and are constantly doing for us. Their experience and judgment are superior to ours, hence, it is right and proper to yield to them. Compliance with their wishes and requests should be given cheerfully. The kind parent, teacher, or friend, will never exact anything from a child that is not right for him to give.

Obedience is written upon all things.

In order to enjoy good health we must obey the health laws.

If we would be well morally, we must obey the moral laws.

No parent, no teacher, has any right to be cruel, harsh and domineering toward a child, or to ask him to do that which is wrong or improper.

Children are sometimes made to do wrong by force, but any child has a right to protest against such immoral treatment.

Teachers and parents, after showing the reason for obedience have a right to expect it.

To indulge the will to the injury of any one, is wicked. If it is seen that the will is likely to lead us astray, unless curbed, we shall, of course, try all ways to restrain it. If we do not, we can readily see it will result in pain and trouble to ourselves and to those we dearly love.

Do tasks seem hard, lessons onerous labor?

Do not hold back but put heart, mind, and all the force of the will into the work.

A strong will accomplishes all things that are needful.

Force, application, brings around all good results striven for.

The growth of mind and all progress is due largely, if not entirely, to determination, to the activity of the will.

It is told of a young French officer that he used to say, "I *will* be Marshal of France and a great General."

He did become a distinguished commander, and he died a Marshal of France. Aim high, and then, determine to reach the mark.

The story is told of a carpenter who was noticed

one day planing very carefully the bench of a magistrate which had been brought to him to repair. "Why do you take so much pains with it?" he was asked. "Because," answered the carpenter, "I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself!" And sure enough, the man lived to become a magistrate and sit upon the very same bench.

If you will to become great and good, noble and true, and to this end all should live, because reason and observation, tell us this is best for all, then you may become so, by directing every effort to such purpose. Napoleon said, "Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools."

Then, cultivate the will, but always in the right direction, that good may follow after.

Suwarrow said—"I don't know," and, "I can't," should be banished. In their places he would substitute "Learn! Do! Try!"

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

Many years ago in a country town in Massachusetts a teacher saw a boy come into his school, whom he knew to be one of the worst boys in town. He determined, if he could, to make a good boy of him. He did not begin by beating him, but spoke kindly and treated him as a gentleman. The boy behaved well that day. The next morning the prudential committee, as he was called, came into the school and said to the teacher: "Mr. Towne, I hear that bad fellow, Marcy, has come to your school. Turn him out at once! He will spoil the rest of the boys."

"No, sir," replied the teacher, "I will leave the school if you say so, but I cannot expel a boy so long as he behaves well."

So he kept the "bad boy," encouraged him, confided in him, talked to him, until Bill Marcy became one of the best boys in the school. In the war of 1812 Marcy was one of the bravest soldiers; he captured the first prisoners taken on land and the first standard that was surrendered, he received. He became an editor, a judge, a governor of New York, a United States Senator, Secretary of War under President Polk, and Secretary of State under President Pierce. He was a man of great ability, and whenever he visited the "Old Bay State," the distinguished writer, statesman and diplomatist, never failed to visit his old teacher, Salem Towne, and always thanked him for having been the means of directing his strong will into good channels and making, thus, a man of him.

The human will is influenced by motives.

Strongest motives make the acts that compose life.

When the will is strengthened by motives of truthfulness, lying will cease.

When motives of honesty are made strong enough, people will be honest, not alone because it is "policy" to be so, but because it is right to be honest, and no one has any business to be dishonest.

XLII.

COURAGE, A NECESSITY TO RIGHT LIVING.

The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKESPEARE.

All admire courage. It is the fine quality that wins homage and appreciation. The word *virtus* among the Romans meant courage, and they used the word also, in a moral sense. Courage is an inspiration—a builder of high character.

It is a delight to listen to tales of valor, to exploits of the brave on the field of battle. The recital of heroic achievements kindles enthusiasm and delight.

All histories of brave deeds awaken admiration, and, with some hasty, reckless boys, they have served to impress so deeply as to awaken a strong desire to go and do likewise.

And there are those, who, after reading stories of life on the frontier, have actually started to go out and fight Indians. These Indian stories were written simply for effect, many of them, and the boys who were led away by them, have been glad to get back under their father's roof.

It is better not to read the highly colored sensational literature that is written only to lure and excite.

Aside from these stories of hair-breadth escapes, there are many real deeds of valor that are worthy of emulation, should occasion demand.

The courage of Arnold Winklereid, a Swiss patriot,

is sublime, and will always hold attention whenever recited. Although he lived five hundred years ago, his story cannot be read to-day without a thrill. The great Austrian army was pitted against thirteen hundred Swiss soldiers who had attempted to penetrate the enemy's lines but had fallen back in almost dismay and despair. Winklereid, perceiving the condition of things, with marvelous courage, grasped the Austrian pikes within reach, buried them in his body and bore them to the earth. "Make way for liberty!" he cried as he fell. The act inspired his comrades, who rushed into the space and fought till they defeated and overcame the Austrians, and made Switzerland free.

That was lofty heroism. It was physical courage.

There is another kind of courage that belongs to the moral nature.

It has been shown in many instances in the past, where persons have suffered death by most cruel tortures rather than to renounce their honest convictions.

Moral courage is a great virtue.

What is moral courage?"

It is to be so strongly entrenched in truth, righteousness, honor, as to be able to withstand any, and every temptation.

It is to be able to stand up bravely and say, I have too much respect for myself to yield to that, which I know is wrong, which will, though agreeable and sweet to-day, bring me sorrow, to-morrow.

It is a fine quality to possess, a noble courage, when insulted, called a coward and other viler names, to keep cool and refrain from words of the same import.

Once, when the colored President of Hayti (Mr.

Boyer) was staying at a hotel in New York City, he went one day to dinner, accompanied by some of the other boarders in the hotel. One of the guests, an ignorant, boorish fellow, thinking to show his importance, jumped up from the table and left the hall, exclaiming in a loud and angry tone, accompanied by an oath—"I'll not eat with a nigger!"

All the rest of the company indignantly protested against the wanton insult, upon which, Mr. Boyer, calmly rising, said in a dignified and gentle manner: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your generous defense of myself, but, please remember this: insults I write upon the sand, but benefits upon marble."

This was genuine philosophy, a high moral courage.

It is related of Thomas Jefferson, that, upon one occasion, a man addressed him with great rudeness. One, who stood near, observing that Mr. Jefferson made no reply, said, "Why, sir, how can you stand there so calmly and bear the insults of that man? Why do you permit him to speak so to you?" "Insult me!" said Jefferson, calmly, "Insult me! A gentleman won't and a blackguard can't!"

It requires a good deal of moral heroism to bear insults calmly, and, especially, in the presence of others; sometimes it calls for more real bravery than to fight a battle, or, to lead armies on the battlefield.

The villain and the assassin are not brave men. Their courage, usually, is the result of stimulants, and their work is done stealthily and under cover of darkness.

Genuine courage is that combination of physical bravery and mental strength that is prepared for any ill that may arise, and is not afraid to do right in spite of any consequence that may follow.

There is a courage that comes into action in every day life, that is ready to meet any emergency and rise above it.

There is a story told of Robert Emmett in early life that proved his courage and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry. One night at a late hour, when all the family were in bed, he swallowed a quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some cooling, acid powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote—chalk. Timid men would have torn at the bell, aroused the family and sent for a stomach-pump. Emmett called no one, made no noise; but, going quietly downstairs, and unlocking the front door, he proceeded to the stable, scraped some chalk he knew to be there, and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

We should seek to cultivate courage, as one of the great helps to right living.

When the enticing and bewitching fascinations approach in all sorts of guises and disguises, to charm and bewilder, it is grand and heroic to be able to see them as they are, and to hurl them from you with the strength of a moral giant. It is noble to be able to say, "I can withstand you all. Call me a coward if you will, but nothing shall turn me from the right."

Many are too diffident, although knowing well the right, to do it.

A company of three or four young men are together. All at once one of the number produces a bottle of wine, and passes it around. Who is the real hero of the company? It is he, who, in spite of ridicule and laughter, declines to touch a drop of the liquid. He

is the bravest young gentleman, the one most worthy of honor.

There are many real heroes whose names are never known to fame, heroes, because resisting the impulse, or invitation to evil, they have stood, like a rock, alone amid the breakers of sin and temptation.

Moral courage enables us to bear without outward emotion, all slights, pains, sneers and hurts.

To forbear to speak harsh words when most inclined, to cease from acting when most provoked, to be calm and patient when everything about us is turbulent, is indeed greatness.

The greatest courage is required to fight our passions, and the greatest victory is that obtained over them. We should strive for courage to be truthful, honorable, and to pay our honest debts—courage to be silent when we have nothing to say—courage to wear old clothes when we cannot afford new ones—courage to do any honest work and not be ashamed of it—courage to speak our mind when occasion requires, and to turn from the society of the unprincipled and depraved. Above all, we should strive for that courage that enables one to do right on all occasions, and under all circumstances.

XLIII.

IN REGARD TO CONCEALED VICE.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

POPE.

That which is done in secret finally becomes an open proclamation that all who see may read. The human countenance is a reflector showing the result of every passion, every appetite, every thought, even. Vices cannot be concealed.

When vice is entertained by the mind, its visiting card is left upon the face.

That which you would be ashamed to have your parents or friends know, which would cause a blush to tell your friend, whatever it may be, that is the one evil you must fight.

The vice that comes noiselessly, with slippered feet and stealthy tread, like a thief in the night, is the one of which you must beware.

Its mission is to steal your best thoughts, and replace them with low, groveling and sensual ones; to take away your good health and give you disease in its place, to crush your sense of manliness, and high nobility of character; to finally sink the abode of the mind, and overthrow all that makes life worth the living. It tends to inanity and insanity, and a great city in ruins is not so sad a sight as a human mind overthrown by lunacy.

Would you think it right to entertain so foul a fiend, so cruel a foe?—one that brings weakness instead of strength, that essays to make of you instead of a man, a maniac, a drivelling idiot? that strikes down your noblest aspirations, beats and breaks the best treasures of the human mind? that builds a fierce fire which burns into the very soul and destroys all before it? that writes with flaming pen, the letters, *moral degradation* all over the fair fabric of mind and body?

Your own good sense tells you no, a thousand times, and always no.

In ancient Rome, when a native trader was detected in an attempt to knowingly transgress the laws of his country, he was dragged to the forum, and there, with a placard upon his breast, describing the nature of his offense, exposed to the public gaze for a period of twenty days.

To transgress the laws of being, to undermine happiness and fling it to the winds, is a far greater sin, which is accompanied by its own placard and the same is exposed to the gaze of the world of human eyes.

Every person is entitled to know the laws of his being and the functions thereof.

Ignorance of these makes sad havoc, and is responsible for much crime and wrong-doing.

It is injustice to children, a wrong to the nation, to withhold useful knowledge of the laws that govern the human body, whose every physiological function should be held sacred.

Holier than any temple of wood or stone is the house we inhabit, this structure composed of bone, flesh, muscle, tissue, nerve and blood.

The mind within is an exquisite gem, a pearl beyond all price. It is the ruler of the body.

Its influence is beyond all that words can tell.

How important then, that it should be kept free from taint of unworthy, or degrading thoughts and acts.

There is afloat in life, much doubtful philosophy, much injurious teaching, in respect to the uses of the temple in which we live. The great hurt comes when children learn that which they are afraid to talk freely upon, with parent and teacher. This is the door ajar, that leads to the dark abode of vice, where good principles, virtuous precepts are lost amid bewildering confusion and shameful actions.

The close confidence that *ought* to exist between parent and child should never be broken. If there come hints of vice and wrong, go at once to your parent, your teacher, or your best friend, and seek counsel and instruction. Thus will you be saved many hours of pain and dismay, spared years of shame, disease and, perhaps, lunacy.

Let not the word slave be written on your brow.

Let no debasing passion, no low appetite press you to the ground.

Stand erect.

Put beneath your feet all that would harm and degrade. Let Intellect, shining in its own golden glory, say, emphatically, "Over my animal nature, over all these powerful forces of being, I alone am Emperor." Yield not an inch. Be master of yourself.

TWO PICTURES.

Once in Rome there lived a great artist, who often noticed, playing in the street beneath his window, a child of exquisite beauty. The face was that of a cherub, the eyes of the deep blue of the violet, and

the hair clustered in golden ringlets all around this sweet and lovely face. The expression of the countenance was mild and gentle, and held the attention of every passer-by.

The artist painted this beautiful face and hung the picture in his studio where all might come and admire its pure innocence and loveliness.

In his saddest hours that gentle face looked down upon him like an angel of light. He thought its purity and angelic beauty symbolized heaven. "If ever I find," he said, "a perfect contrast to this beauteous face, I will paint that, also, and hang it upon the opposite wall, and the one I shall call 'heaven' and the other 'hell.'"

Years passed. At length in another part of Italy, in a prison that he visited, looking through the grated door of a cell, he saw the most hideous object that ever met his sight—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and features deeply marked with the lines of lust and crime. The artist remembered the promise he had made himself, and immediately painted the picture of this loathesome culprit to hang over against the portrait of the lovely boy.

The contrast was perfect; the two poles of the moral universe were before him. Then, the mystery of the human soul gained another illustration.

He had two pictures, but they were likenesses of one and the same person. To his great surprise, on inquiry into the history of this degraded and revolting creature, he learned that he was no other than the sweet-faced, golden-haired child whom he once knew so well, and saw so often playing in the streets of Rome!

Too great stress cannot be laid upon the importance of moral training and physiological instruction if we would have strong men and women, instead of ignorant and feeble imbeciles. The prevalence of vices that destroy health, hope and energy, is alarming. The facts cannot, should not be hidden. They tell their own story, writing it indelibly upon the countenances of the victims of vice, as well as upon society. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. "Know thyself" should be written over every door of every school and college in the land.

Every one should reverence himself so much that he would scorn to bring a stain of dishonor or disgrace upon body or mind.

St. Chrysostom said—"The true Shekinah is man!" Degrade it not by a breath of shame, but honor, reverence, respect and protect its purity and nobility.

From the depths of his consecrated soul spoke Novalis when he said: "There is but one Temple in the Universe and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human Body."

Respect yourself too much to injure yourself.

Honor your body too much to bring disgrace and shame upon it. It is the house you live in. Keep it clean and pure.

XLIV.

BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, A. LINCOLN.

Charity is one of the finest qualities of humanity.

It makes a thornless path for ourselves and strews flowers along the highway for others. But what is charity? It is that charming disposition that sees in all human beings, even the most depraved, sparks and gleams of goodness, trust and truth. It is love, kindness, brotherly feeling. It is care and consideration in our judgment of others.

It is the inclination to put the best possible construction upon the words and acts of others.

Of faith, hope and charity, "the greatest of these is charity."

In another consideration of the word it means to give alms, to bestow good things upon the poor, to share our blessings with others. It is to the credit of humanity that we cannot look upon suffering without endeavoring to relieve it. This is simply doing as we would be done by, but, if each person did his whole duty and society and business were organized upon a different basis, there would be less need of charity or charitable institutions.

It is because we have not yet progressed upward to the high ground of one great human family, because we have not yet learned the true art of living that these things remain with us.

It is right to be benevolent and extend a helping hand to the needy and unfortunate, to assist the distressed and aid the poor and destitute.

Thus, we show we are human, and we feel better when we have done a good deed.

Knowing that we have helped others, we feel that we are, ourselves helped. But the best charity is when we assist others to help themselves; for example, one is willing to work, does not desire charity, but would like to earn that which he receives. When we give such a person a chance to earn something, we have done better than bestowing charity.

One feels more of a man to earn the bread that he eats. It is because many are not educated in true morality and practiced in it, that they are reduced to ask for charity.

Hence, may be seen the necessity for a comprehensive knowledge of the foundation stones of right living,—viz.,—morals. All, at some time, in passing through this life, need the mantle of charity extended to them; and, it is the large mind that can bring charity forward on all occasions.

We are so prone to blame others, to declare we would not do thus and so, were we in the place of another.

The probability is we would, in the same situation, governed by the same impulses, do precisely the same thing. If we are constituted after a superior pattern, with greater self-command, all the more charity should we have for those who are naturally weaker. The environments of some are better than others, the influences and teaching they have received, fortifies them against wrong actions. For these reasons, they should

be slow to condemn those who have lacked these advantages, or who had not good faculties to begin with.

If our brother or sister goes astray while we labor to bring them back to better ways, let us, at the same time, be not harsh in our judgment, or censorious, but rather, let us exercise that large and beautiful charity, that kindness, that shall enable them to take heart and courage to try to regain the straight road to peace and happiness.

It is a good principle to put ourselves in others places, and think, under like conditions, how we would feel, and what treatment we would like extended to us.

We should look upon the shortcomings of others, not in angry condemnation, but, with sorrow and tender regret.

We cannot know all the struggles, hesitation and temptation another has passed through, the feeble purpose, the desire to do right, and the weakness of the tempted; if we did, we would be slower to censure, and quicker to draw the charitable inference, to drop the tear of pity.

A woman known to be vile and wicked, lost by death a dearly loved daughter. At her grave she stood alone, with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I loved her," she said, "and I am so alone now—so forsaken."

A noble, woman occupying a high position in society, refined and cultivated, stopped, and taking the hand of the mourner in hers, said, "I too, have lost children. I sympathize with you."

One great reason why we should exercise charity toward the faults of others, is because we are not faultless ourselves.

All are prone to err—all stand in need of the charity that human beings can give to one another.

Should we exercise charity toward our enemies, toward those who try all ways to hurt us?

Yes, most decidedly.

Thus enemies are destroyed.

How? By being treated charitably and kindly, they become our friends, and are no longer enemies.

We become larger and nobler ourselves, by the exercise of charitable feelings. Our higher human nature expands into more beautiful bloom and blossom, we grow better and stronger, truer men and truer women in this way, and if all would exercise this great human characteristic, the world would be a better place to live in. Charity is kindness.

THE THREE SONS.

Nobility of soul chiefly consists in doing good to those who have injured us. A worthy man, full of years and wealth wished to divide his possessions between his three sons in order that he might enjoy in his lifetime, the pleasure of seeing them prosperous and independent. After making an equal division of his property and giving to each his portion, he said, "There still remains in my possession a very valuable diamond. I intend it for him among you who will deserve it best, by performing some generous, noble action, within the next three months."

The three sons departed, but met again at the end of the prescribed time. They presented themselves before their father and the eldest began, as follows:

"Father, during my absence, a stranger found himself so circumstanced as to be obliged to intrust all

his money into my keeping. He had no receipt from me, and could produce no proof, no security; nevertheless, I faithfully restored the whole. Was not this praiseworthy?"

"You only did your duty, my son," said the old man; "it would have been scandalous to do otherwise, for honesty is a duty; yours was an act of justice, not generosity."

The second son in his turn related his story. "In my travels I came to the border of a lake. A child had just fallen into the water. I jumped in and rescued him before the eyes of the villagers, who will attest the truth of my statement."

"That was well done," interrupted the father, "but it was simply an act of humanity."

At length the younger brother began: "My father," said he, "I found my mortal enemy, who had wandered off the track during the night, asleep and unconscious on the edge of a precipice; the least movement would have been fatal, as, on awakening, he must have tumbled into the abyss. His life was in my hands. I took all proper precautions to awake him gently and drew him away from the danger."

"Ah, my son," cried the father, embracing him tenderly, "without dispute, the ring belongs to you."

XLV.

FIDELITY, THE GIVER OF STRENGTH AND HONOR.

This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

Fidelity is faithfulness. Be faithful to every trust if you would prosper. In faithfulness success is hidden.

Fidelity is the great virtue holding its own in every condition in life. It wins respect at once, and always. A man true to his word, true to his trust, true to his principles, is the one most needed in all relations of life.

A business man seeking a clerk, first asks, "Is he honest? Is he faithful? Can I rely upon him? Will he do the same in my absence as when I am present?"

In the shop, in the house, everywhere, these questions come up, and they all turn on one pivot—fidelity.

It is not how much work one is capable, of doing, or how finely he can talk, or, from what family of distinction he is; but, Is he faithful? Is he regardful of his word? Is he conscientious?

Fidelity is a moral law, and obedience to its commands makes happiness.

If there were no obligations within us to be faithful

there would be an end to business, to science, to home, to school, to everything of value.

Think of a community where there is no fidelity! It is not to be conceived of, even among savages or robbers. There is honor among thieves, it is said. How much more should there be honor among men and women, boys and girls, who know that thieving is the transgression of law, civil and moral, and that such transgression results, soon or late, in misery and unhappiness. But do not thieves know this fact, and yet keep on in their disgraceful career? Why is this? They have not learned, although perhaps well educated in books, the morals of true living. They have thought, it may be, that they could do these things and repent of them, and this would make the matter all right. It is certainly well to repent of an act of injustice, but, better still it is to never do the act, then there will be no cause for repentance or grief.

Hence, fidelity is a duty we owe, not alone to ourselves, but to those with whom we mingle, in business or pleasure.

Is it not sometimes trying, in working for another, to be heedful and true to all that is expected of us? For employers themselves are often peevish, fault-finding, provoking in speech or manner, disagreeable in many ways.

But this is nothing to your discharge of duty—to your faithfulness.

Temptation comes. You are not to falter. Fidelity to your trust is that which you have to remember always. Is a large amount of money entrusted to your care? Guard it more carefully even, than if it were your own.

An act of homage is expressed in reposing confidence in your integrity. To stand steady, faithful, true to your obligation, swerving neither to the right, nor to the left, is an honor and glory—it is the weaving of a chaplet more beautiful than gold or diamonds.

An English farmer was one day working in his fields, when he observed a party of huntsmen boldly riding about his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of the horses and dogs. So he dispatched a farm boy to this field, telling him to shut the gate and then to keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened.

This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered alike in vain.

One after another came forward as spokesman but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After awhile one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones:

"My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered gently, but firmly:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish

me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass, but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said: "I honor the man or boy, who can neither be bribed, nor frightened, into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away. The farmer said when he heard the story: "Well done, my brave boy! You've done to-day what Napoleon could not do—you've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

One loses nothing by being faithful, but gains much.

In school who is the loved, the successful scholar?

At home, who is the one most relied on? Is it not the faithful, earnest, dutiful boy or girl? the faithful member of the family? It is easy to see then, that fidelity is something all should strive for, and be proud to possess.

The conscientious glow of having done well is a satisfaction. To be faithful is to be an example, and he who is faithful over the smallest trust is worthy of the highest.

The happy being is he, as Wordsworth sings,

"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honor, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all."

Fidelity is the clasp that holds together the noble qualities of humanity.

Nothing in Pompeii is said to have attracted visitors

more than the spot where a soldier of old Rome displayed a most heroic fidelity. The fatal day on which Vesuvius, at the foot of which the city stood, burst into an eruption that shook the earth, poured torrents of lava from its riven sides and discharged, amidst the noise of a hundred thunders, such clouds of ashes as filled the air, produced a darkness deeper than midnight, and struck such terror into all hearts that men thought, not only that the end of the world had come and all must die, but that the gods themselves were expiring—on that night a sentinel kept watch by the gate which looked to the burning mountain. Amidst unimaginable confusion and shrieks of terror, mingled with the roar of the volcano and cries of mothers who had lost their children in the darkness, the inhabitants fled the fatal town, while falling ashes loaded the darkened air, and, penetrating every place, rose in the streets till they covered the house roofs nor left a vestige of the city, but a vast, silent mound, beneath which it lay unknown, dead and buried, for nearly one thousand, seven hundred years.

Amidst this fearful disorder the sentinel at the gate had been forgotten; and, as Rome required her sentinels, happen what might, to hold their posts till relieved by the guard, or set at liberty by their officers, he had to choose between death and dishonor. A pattern of fidelity he stood by his post. Slowly but surely the ashes rise on his manly form; now they reach his breast and now, covering his lips, they choke his breathing. He also was "faithful unto death."

After seventeen centuries they found his skeleton standing erect in a marble niche, clad in rusted armor, the helmet on his empty skull, and his bony fingers still close upon his spear.

XLVI.

VALUE OF WEALTH.

Before the Ender comes, whose charioteer
Is swift or slow Disease, lay up each year
Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth that kings,
Nor thieves can take away. When all the things
Thou callest thine, goods, pleasures, honors fall,
Thou, in thy virtue, shalt survive them all. WHITTIER.

The question is often asked, Does wealth make happiness? and is as often answered, No, it does not, not in and of itself.

It is a means of happiness, so far as it gratifies natural wants. But when used to gratify vanity, or artificial desires, it is then being pandered to ignoble puposes. To amass wealth for such ends is belittling to true manhood.

In America there is a great haste to become wealthy, i. e., to accumulate great piles of gold, forgetful of almost everything else but its acquisition. It has been said that England has an aristocracy of birth, China, an aristocracy of intellect, but America has an aristocracy of wealth.

America cannot be proud of this distinction, for, well has it been told, that—

“Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.”

But do men decay where wealth accumulates?
It would seem so.

Rome fell through excess of wealth, which caused intemperance, profligacy and riotous living. The same with Carthage.

True riches of moral understanding, a high standard of living is forgotten, when people revel in much wealth.

This is not true of all, but it is true of many.

It is true that wealth is power. People perceive this, hence the struggle for riches.

But it is not the greatest power, not the real lever, as may be seen in one who has vast possessions, yet is idle, dissipated, intemperate.

Does he win the highest respect of men?

No, but rather receives the contempt of the wise and virtuous.

Why should one seek for gain?

It is just and proper so to do, in order to be self-supporting.

It is a duty to secure a competence, to provide for sickness, old age and unforeseen trials and troubles that are likely to arise in any lifetime.

It is right to provide for future contingencies. To strive for comfortable circumstances is a worthy ambition, more than that is excess.

All should aim to acquire as much property as to enable them to afford themselves leisure for improvement of the mind.

In order to secure a competence one must practice economy and some self-denial, eat simple food which under all conditions of life is best, and wear plain, but always decent, clothing, live temperately and have patience. The end sought will finally come.

To know the value of money one must earn it, must

realize the value of work as an equivalent for it; he will then know better how to expend it.

When Henry Wilson was a little rosy-faced boy of ten years he was "bound out" to a farmer till he should be twenty-one years of age. He had permission to attend school one month out of every year. At the end of eleven long years of toil and hardship his apprenticeship expired and he became a free man.

His employer gave him as compensation for his eleven years of labor a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which he sold for the sum of eighty-four silver dollars. He paid his late employer of this sum, fifty cents for keeping his animals for him, one night.

He was so unfortunate as to lose a portion of his eighty-four dollars in an unprofitable investment.

Then he went into the woods to cut mill-logs and drive a team. He worked a month in this way in mid-winter and for this labor and exposure, he was paid six dollars. He felt that he *earned* this money, and, as he declared, each of the dollars appeared to him as big as the full moon.

He went to Massachusetts and learned the trade of a shoemaker. With his labor he learned habits of industry, economy, prudence, good judgment, sobriety, temperance, integrity, honesty. These, and other qualities that he possessed were recognized by the people who elected him as their representative to the Congress of the United States.

Henry Wilson had learned the value of money, and, when he had plenty, he never became extravagant, for he had fixed habits of prudence and economy.

Nor, was he parsimonious, but preserved the equitable disposition that should belong to all true men.

Some people have a natural faculty for money getting, and wealth seems to flow in upon them in an uninterrupted stream. What is such a person to do who possesses such money-getting qualities? Turn them into a channel of good to others. Seek means to make the condition of humanity a little better than it is at present.

Regard the gift as a means to assist those who are unable to help themselves.

Great wealth is a great care.

A young person once mentioned to Franklin his surprise that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, although possessed of unbounded wealth, was as busy and care-worn as any clerk in his employ. Franklin, in reply took an apple from a fruit stand, and presented it to a child in the room who could scarcely grasp it in his little hand. He then gave him a second, which filled the other; and, choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also.

The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet and burst into tears. "See," said the sage, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

There is a wealth that is superior to gold and silver.
What is that?

You will yourself say:

"It is independence of character."

It is virtue.

It is a clean record.

It is a development of moral wealth. It is the find-

ing and doing our real duty to ourselves and others.

It is the improvement that we make upon ourselves.

It is education.

It is that which we put into our heads. Riches may take to themselves wings and fly away. Virtuous thoughts and the memory of noble deeds stay by us always.

Because you are to support yourselves, and those depending upon you, you should seek for wealth to obtain the necessities and comforts of life. Society demands this of the good and worthy citizen.

It also demands men and women of thought, reason, intelligence and fair judgment, and wants such, most of all; because these move the machinery of business and keep it in action. They make a high standard of living, high in its noblest sense, and that is the need of nations, principalities and powers.

Good men are the wealth of the world.

XLVII.

AVARICE, NOT A MEANS TO LIFE'S BEST END.

To desire money for its own sake, and, in order to hoard it up is avarice.

BEATTIE.

When the faculty of acquiring money is perverted then it becomes avarice.

In society it is not uncommon to meet two extremes—the spendthrift and the miser.

The one is open-handed, too much so for his own good. He spends his means recklessly, never thinking of the future, never counting the cost of an article, or thinking whether he needs it or not. He is extravagant and wasteful, expensive and luxurious. John Bowers, once a famous wealthy man of Somerset, Mass., boasted to another man of wealth that he could eat the costlier breakfast of the two. He sandwiched a hundred-dollar bill between two pieces of bread and deliberately swallowed it. Upon one occasion, a kind friend remonstrated with him upon his extravagant methods of living. They were standing on the sea-shore. "Why," said he, taking a diamond ring of great value from his finger, and tossing it into the sea, "it is just as impossible that I can spend all my money as that I shall ever see that ring again."

Some weeks afterward, a fish was caught and its stomach contained the identical ring, which Mr. Bowers purchased of the fisherman for a great price; he

lived to see his vast property fade away like smoke, and he became absolutely penniless. Such is generally the fate of the spendthrift.

The opposite of this character is the close, penurious person who never spends a cent unless absolutely forced to do so. He cannot listen to the voice of pleading, of poverty, of charity, but bends all his energies to one object, accumulating and hoarding. It is not for his immediate, or prospective, needs that he does this, but simply for the gratification of getting and having. He is close-fisted, and generally walks with his hands closed, as if he were clutching gold. His face becomes hard, like stone, his lips are pressed firmly together, his head is bent and his whole appearance indicates the miser. Suffering of others makes no impression upon him and he would not let one of his ducats go to save a person's life. He is the victim of selfishness and greed. The organ of acquisitiveness is unduly excited, the blood is constantly flowing to the part of the brain that acts upon that quality, and the nerve centers of other faculties like generosity, kindness, benevolence, are drained of their supply of blood, to support the one faculty of acquisitiveness.

The man may pile up quantities of gold, but he is, in reality, a pauper, for, to satisfy his great craving, he denies himself of everything comfortable, and lives poorer than a beggar.

Nobody loves him, and nobody would regret his loss if he were dead, for he is a miser living for himself alone.

In 1762 a miser named Foscue, lived in France. By means of extortion and sordid parsimony he amassed enormous wealth. The government at one time asked

him to advance a sum of money for a loan. I cannot do it," he said, "for I am very poor."

For fear that people might discover how much money he had, he dug a deep cave in the cellar of his house and hid his gold there. He reached this cave by means of a ladder and a trap-door, which closed with a spring.

One day he went down to his cave to count his gold and to gloat over it as was his custom, when the trap-door fell upon him and the spring-lock, the key to which he had left on the outside, snapped and held him a prisoner in the cave, where he miserably perished. Some months afterward, on search being made, his body was found in the midst of money-bags, with a candlestick lying beside it on the floor.

Many fall into the habit of avariciousness without being aware of it. They begin by saving, from motives of economy, at length from habit, finally, because the habit has become so strong they cannot resist it. Wealth loses its power when avarice steps in.

Thrift and economy are helps to gain a successful livelihood, but virtues may become abnormal used to undue excess.

When one finds himself thinking constantly of gain and nothing else, he may know that avarice is creeping upon him. Then should he stop and think, "What am I doing this for? Is it right? Why should I pursue this phantom? Any day may see me deprived of it. I have enough and to spare. Let me use some of this fast-accumulating stuff to assist some other who has less. Do I not know some one who is having a hard time to get on in the world?"

Avarice is but another name for selfishness, and who

wants to be selfish? The selfish nature is not the high and noble one. Of the two characters the spendthrift and the miser, while both are to be deplored, the former is superior to the latter, for some one gets good from his lavishness, but the miser allows no one to profit by his gains.

A medium between the two is that which one should aspire to. This brings more real happiness, and is of more good to community, makes a better example for others to follow.

True life should be the aspiration of all.

THE OLD MAN AND THE PERSIAN MONARCH.

"Father," said a Persian monarch to an old man, who, according to his Oriental usages, bowed before the sovereign's throne, "pray be seated; I cannot receive homage from one bowed with age, whose head is white with the frosts of many winters."

"And now, father," said the monarch, when he had taken the proffered seat, "tell me thine age; how many of the sun's revolutions hast thou counted?"

"Sire," answered the old man, "I am but four years old."

"What!" interrupted the king, "Fearest thou not to answer me falsely or dost thou jest on the very brink of the tomb?"

"I speak not falsely, sire," replied the aged man, "neither would I offer a foolish jest on so solemn a subject. Eighty long years have I wasted in folly, in sinful pleasures and in hoarding up wealth, none of which I can take with me when I leave this world. Four years only have I spent in doing good to my fellowmen; and shall I count those that have been

utterly wasted? Are they not worse than blank, and is not that only worthy to be reckoned as a part of my life which has answered life's best end?"

To answer life's best end should be the aim of all. Avarice is not a means unto that end. Learn to say, That which is for me I shall have; that which is not for me, I must learn not to want.

When you are getting and holding more than you want for use, more than is necessary for old age, sickness and unexpected difficulties, you are defrauding some one who has not enough even for every day wants.

To answer life's *best* end should be the aim of all. Avarice is not a means unto that end.

XLVIII.

ONE OF LIFE'S BEST BLOSSOMS.

A merry heart doth good like a medicine.

SCRIPTURE.

This is the story of the bucket.

"How dismal you look," said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well. "Ah," replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me, how strange to look at it in that way," said the other bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

It is a happy faculty to look upon the bright side of things—to learn that, though the day is cloudy, the sun is back of the cloud. Cheerfulness in a house is sunshine in it, no matter how furiously the storm rages without.

Do we not shrink from the frowning face? From the fretful, peevish person, do we not gladly turn away?

But how we are lifted when one comes in whose face is beaming with smiles and good-humor! He may be ignorant, careless, brusque in his manners, but his hearty, merry laugh, his honest, twinkling eyes win our hearts in spite of us. Good-nature is always a welcome guest in whatever guise it comes, and it never stays too long.

You may say "I am too busy to be cheerful. I have too many cares. Troubles and tribulations are weighty. I feel more like moaning and groaning over my hardships than singing and smiling. Such trials I have, and such hard ones, that I cannot be pleasant and agreeable." You can. "Cares are life's comforts." You would be miserable without them.

The trials, troubles, the hardships and the lessons, would grow light and easy if you meet them, smilingly. Try it and see.

Then be cheerful, cultivate a sunny temper.

Why?

Because it makes happiness.

It is a joy in the household.

It contributes to health and peace.

It is the fire that makes home, school, society, pleasant and agreeable.

It lightens and brightens the shop, the counting-house, the factory and even a prison, may lose half its gloom by the cheerful disposition of its officers and occupants.

Good-nature is fit for a palace and makes a hovel glorious. Man is the only being that knows how to laugh naturally.

No one has a right to be a cynic and forever scowling and frowning, unless he lives in the woods all by himself; and, it is a question if he has, even, then, for the birds, insects and animals ought not to be frightened.

Even the dog, the horse, the cow and all domestic animals, incline toward the cheerful person and greet him in kindly tones. The scholar who comes into school with a smile on his lips and another in his eyes,

is always a favorite, while the heavy, morose, snappish, snarling boy or girl, makes no real friends.

At a certain age, young people are apt to be oppressed with melancholia. They feel they are not appreciated, no one cares for them, they say, and they contemplate suicide. Doubtless there are, sometimes, physiological reasons for this state of mind, which is morbid and unnatural.

By all means try to overcome this condition of the system. Be cheerful. Make an effort. Suppose you do not feel like it.

Try.

Put your hands to some work. Read. Study. Occupy your mind.

Visit the home of poverty and sorrow. Note the difference between your home and that.

Count your blessings.

Divide them with another less fortunate. Speak words of comfort to some distressed one.

Do not let your mind dwell on yourself. That is selfish. Accustom yourself to look at the best instead of the worst.

Good-nature is more than good gifts. It is of more value than precious gems.

Good-nature is a jewel, the most beautiful of all. It is a coronet of glory. Dr. Johnson said that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing is worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year.

Make the best of everything. Sorrow loses half its sadness, disappointment its sting, by seeking the good on the other side, when you turn it over.

Good-nature is catching. By cultivating it, you communicate it to others, and thus become a benefac-

tor of your race. It is a duty to cultivate cheerfulness because you thus make health and pleasure and become a moral force in the world.

Charles II. after the Restoration, sent for Milton, the poet, and in a very indignant and insolent manner, asked him if he did not consider his blindness a punishment inflicted by heaven for having written against the king, his father. Milton replied gently, "If the calamities," said he, "which befall us in this world are sent as punishment for our crimes, how much greater than mine, must have been that of the king, your father, for he lost his head, whereas I have only lost my eyes."

A KING WITH A SWEET TEMPER.

Whenever Louis XII. of France, made his triumphal entry into a town that he had conquered, he wore a coat of mail with a device of a swarm of bees and the motto, "They bear no sting." The natural sweetness of his disposition led him to treat his enemies with great magnanimity when in his power. When L'Alviano the general of the Venetian armies was taken prisoner by the French troops, Louis acted toward him with his usual politeness, but the haughty general answered the king with insolence. At this unexpected abuse of his kindness, Louis simply ordered the general to the prisoners' quarters and turned to those around him, saying, "I have done well in sending Alviano away. I might have put myself in a passion with him, and should have greatly regretted doing so. I have conquered him; I should learn to conquer myself." Such gentleness shows true nobility.

XLIX.

REASON AND FREE INQUIRY.

Nothing can stand in this age of reason that is not supported by facts.

SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

Reason is the noblest and best, and this has been freely given us,
EPICTETUS.

When full of doubts it is the province of intelligent beings to remove them by proper inquiry. Jefferson said the only effectual agents against error are reason and free inquiry. Little by little, a step here and another there, the world has gained information, arisen to pinnacles of knowledge and heights of wisdom. By the exercise of reason and free inquiry, the blessings of good government have been attained. All advantages enjoyed to day have come in the same channel.

Whatever places itself in opposition to the laws of judgment and reason cannot be right.

But what is reason?

It is that faculty of judgment that lifts human beings above the brute; although some animals, undoubtedly make use of reason in a dim way, yet they cannot tell why or wherefore. Men and women can as a rule; so can children at an early age, be taught to think, reflect and distinguish between things right and things wrong.

An opinion is presented by some one as a truth.

What are the arguments that support this alleged truth?

When examined by the light of knowledge, if it cannot bear the weight of such knowledge, it cannot be a truth.

Every mind of intelligence has the capacity of reason, and with this power, by the aid of the senses, it comprehends the right.

We learn to discriminate between the right and the wrong by inquiry.

It is in this way we come to be fair and candid in our judgments of others, that is, whenever our minds are unprejudiced and unbiased, as we ought always to seek to have them.

It is by means of inquiry we acquire knowledge, *true* knowledge, when reason goes hand in hand with inquiry. There is a little translation from the Persian which runs thus: They asked their wisest man by what means he had attained to such a high degree of knowledge. He replied, "Whatever I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about."

The beginning of the Reformation dawned by means of inquiry.

Are you doubtful on any point?

Do you hesitate as to which is best? Do you question the wisdom of a rule, or law?

Let your doubts be full and free. It may be you are mistaken and inquiry will set you right.

Let reason work.

It is a duty we owe ourselves and others, to permit the full play of free inquiry, for only in this way can we get at the truth of things.

This is supremely the age of reason. But we should examine with care and candor, with thought, reason and judgment, if we would ascertain real truth, plain facts.

Reason is a great gift. And why were we endowed with it, if not for use? to learn better things than such as we already know?

Reason is ours that we may not be deceived by specious arguments, false, or insincere statements.

There are many knotty problems in the world. Shall you say, "Oh let somebody else solve them?" No, solve them, yourself. Another should not do your reasoning. Reason for yourself. Inquire for yourself.

The unreasoning are found in prisons and poor-houses, in asylums and charitable institutions. True, they are found in society too, but they are not the best citizens, or, the most capable.

You should exercise reason and free inquiry for the sake of your own welfare and the welfare of those around you, in order that you may know the duties of good citizenship, and knowing, practice them to the end of producing and maintaining good and happy conditions of society. Thus, will you add to the sum of the world's happiness as well as your own.

This would be a miserable world if reason were never exercised. And there would be no knowledge if there was no inquiry. Are there some things you cannot understand?

Your duty is not to pass them by, but to examine, to know why and for what purpose they exist.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD.

There was once a duke who disguised himself and placed a great rock in the middle of the road near his palace.

Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart. "Oh, these lazy people!" said he, "there is this

stone lying right in the middle of the road and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier. His head was held so far back that he did not notice the stone and so he stumbled over it. He began to storm the country people around there for leaving a huge rock in the road. Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone in the road they went off in single file on the other side. One of them cried out: "Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here the whole of the morning and not a single person stopping to take it away!"

It lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to move it. No one inquired how it came there. Then the duke sent around to all the people on his lands to meet him where the rock lay, as he had something to tell them. The day came and a great crowd gathered. Old Hans, the farmer was there, and so were the merchants and the soldier. A horn was heard and a splendid cavalcade came galloping up. The duke alighted and began to speak to the assembled people. "My friends," said he, "it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was and scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

He stooped and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and, in the hollow was a small leathern bag and upon it was written: "For him who lifts up the stone."

He untied the bag and turned it upside down, and

out upon the stone fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large, bright gold coins. So they all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson of inquiry, or formed the habit of reasoning, united with diligence.

Thus may be lost many a golden truth, many a valuable prize, by neglecting to freely inquire into the nature of things, and to use the reasoning faculty.

L.

FREE SPEECH.

To speak his thought is every free man's right. ANON.

Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me. LOWELL

Death and life are in the power of the tongue. SCRIPTURE.

In this country, America, when any great question is at issue, the people have a free and perfect right to call a meeting, assemble together, and discuss freely the merits and demerits of the subject, whatever it may be. The humblest citizen has the same right, in this respect, as the highest and best educated.

Anybody can thus issue a call for a public meeting, and, if he has any grievance, he can demand a hearing, and his word is bound to be heard. It is a great privilege to speak the honest thought, although that thought may be sneered at, and, perhaps, rejected.

In some other countries it is different. Citizens are sometimes obliged to suffer in silence, because of the bar on free speech. We enjoy the privilege on account of its being one of the fundamental principles of our free government that it guarantees freedom of speech. What is the advantage of it? It is this:

You not only have the privilege of expressing your own ideas fully and freely, but you have the expression also, of the opinions of others. New light is, in

this way, given and received, and, "Truth is never put to the worst in an open and free encounter."

Why should all possible avenues of truth be opened?

Because in this way we acquire new strength and vitality to meet the issues constantly unfolding before a free people.

Attempts are sometimes made to put a stop to free speech. This is wrong and unjust. He serves a poor cause who dares not let all things be said of it that will.

If the cause is true, examination will not injure it; if untrue, corrupt, or evil, the sooner its real status is known the better.

Free speech may, however, be abused, as, when men women or children stoop to personalities, to wrong and berate others.

A word once spoken cannot be recalled, and it may do great harm, therefore, all should be careful and weigh well their words before they are spoken.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

To know when to speak and when to remain silent is a fine knowledge. Words have led to murders, but silence has prevented them. In a quarrel, the silent tongue is the wise man's possession.

A woman who had suffered barbarous beatings from her husband went to a noted wise man of the village to inquire how she might cure her husband of these paroxysms of violence. The soothsayer heard her complaint; and, after pronouncing some hard words and using various gesticulations while he filled a vial with a mysterious mixture, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth for

five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel and escaped the usual chastisement. The contents of the bottle being at last exhausted, she returned to the wise man, anxiously begging to have a fresh supply of the same liquid.

"You foolish woman!" said the soothsayer; "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a tantrum, hold your tongue, and, my life for it, he will not lay a finger on you."

We see by the above that one is not sorry for the words unsaid, but too many are sorry for the words spoken.

It is necessary to watch one's self that no word pass the lips that might be regretted.

Profane speech should never be indulged in. It is a low and degrading use of language.

The unchaste speech is still worse than profanity. A moral person invariably shrinks from one who tells low stories, who is quick to turn good and pure speech into dirty channels. The teller of coarse stories should have no place in decent society. Still another improper use of language is the slang phrase so much in vogue. The English language is rich enough in expression to be always chaste and pure in conveying thought.

Speak no evil. If you can say no good thing of one, be silent.

"Think all you speak; but speak not all you think;

Thoughts are all your own; your words are so no more;

Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;

Lips never err when she does keep the door."

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

An old man tells the following story. "When I was a boy we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching boys. One day he called out, 'Boys, I must have close attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case.' "'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there's Joe Simmons. I don't like him. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe looking off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he; 'and how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did! and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught and I never watched for idle boys again!"

While working for free speech we should never forget that it is for all and not for a privileged few. And no one should be so arrogant as to believe that he has the *whole* truth and *all there is*. The best and wisest are liable to be mistaken.

The rights we take ourselves we should freely accord to others, even to the utterance of unpopular views.

Free Speech.

All conviction should be valiant:
Tell thy truth, if truth it be,
Never seek to stem its current;
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
It will fit the widening circle
Of eternal verity.

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it,
Let it jostle whom it may,
E'en although the foolish scorn it
Or the obstinate gainsay;
Every seed that grows to-morrow
Lies beneath the clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted,
Pioneers of things to come,
Had like some been weak and timid,
Traitors to themselves, and dumb,
Where would be our present knowledge?
Where the hoped millennium?

Where would be triumphant Science,
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinite creation
For the soul that underlies—
Soul of beauty, soul of goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies?

Where would be all great inventions,
Each from bygone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launched 'mid apathy and scorn?
How could noontime ever light us
But for dawning of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion,
Where the right to speak at all,
If our sires, like some mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought, outspoken,
Lead thee into chains or death,
What is life compared with virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
Hark! the future age invites thee!
Listen! tremble, what it saith.

It demands thy thought in justice,
Debt, not tribute of the free;
Have not ages long departed
Groaned, and toiled, and bled for thee?
If the past have lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to futurity.

CHARLES MACKAY.

LI.

A FREE PRESS.

"The liberty of the press and of the people must stand or fall together."—

Without a free press we should, as a free people make little or no headway. Whenever you hear of any person desiring to stifle the press, you may depend the cause he has in hand is not a just one.

There have been instances in the history of the United States, where attempts were made to stop free speech, for the imprisonment of writers, and to destroy the dissemination of views by breaking the printing press; as, in the advocacy of anti-slavery sentiments its advocates were mobbed, maltreated shamefully, denied the right to speak in public halls, and forbidden to circulate their views by means of the press.

This treatment was real evidence that the cause was a just one, and, by right, ought to have been heard. The press is a marvelous agent in the spread of truth and justice. It is an educator and, were it so that one, lacking school advantages, had only the newspapers of the day to read, he would become a well-educated man. A free press is a medium of communication of ideas.

It heralds abroad new truths.

It moulds public opinion.

It is a power before which many other powers fade, and become insignificant. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

The press is greater than armies.

Its absolute freedom should be maintained.

When it is bought, when it stoops to pander to vice, low passions, unholy appetites, or its freedom is purchased by wealth, it is no longer free.

It was not without some trouble that a free press obtained a foothold in our country. In 1642 Sir William Berkeley assumed the Government of Virginia. He wrote back to England these words: "Thank God there are no free schools nor printing here, and I hope we shall not have them for a hundred years."

When Sir Edmund Andross was appointed governor of New England in 1686, under James II., he had instructions to suffer no printing press within his jurisdiction.

But now, both the press and the public school stand upon a firm and assured basis.

It is incumbent upon each one to sustain them, to throw no obstacle in the way of either.

As American citizens we should guard the liberty of the press. We may not think it politic to print much that we hear. But your opinion is that of but one, and, the most ultra reformers, being conscientious, have a right to give publicity to their ideas. To put a stop to free utterance, because differing from our own thoughts, or, for any other reason, would be to toll the death-knell of our free institutions.

True, there is much bombastic ranting, there are many lurid speeches that flame and dazzle, and fall to the ground. Such, do little, if any harm, in the

long run, whether printed or not. The business of life goes speeding on, events succeed events so quickly, that the most audacious words are soon lost in the circling eddies of the whirlpools of busy life.

We are never of so much account to our fellows as to ourselves.

It takes the majority of people a long time to find out, that, after all, they are of little importance, a mere dot, a simple speck on the ocean of life, seen for a time, then blotted out and soon forgotten.

But influence remains, examples are left.

Therefore, it is the business of all to see that influence goes for that which is right and just.

But is it right to print anything one may please?

Upon general subjects, relating to the welfare of all, yes; but, the freedom of the press should, upon no account, be used for anything calculated to injure the morals of community.

Indecency in language, improper illustrations or pictures of an immoral character, vile words and low phrases, should never be allowed the use of the printing press.

Why?

Because thus the seeds of depravity are sown, good taste and good manners are insulted, and, instead of elevating the people, they are, by these means, poisoned and corrupted.

This is abuse of a free press, and should never be allowed. Hence, it is the duty to guard with care a free press, that it be used only for the high purpose of education and elevation of citizens, and the protection of their personal rights. With ever-increasing zeal should the liberty of the press be preserved.

Those who would constitute themselves censors of the press, who would crush free speech, and muzzle a free press are of such quality as tyrants are made of.

Said Washington, in his Farewell Address, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

To this end, and for this purpose, there should be maintained a free press, in order that the best thoughts of the best minds may be freely given, and incentives to good conduct and good government be freely circulated.

Good conduct and good government establish man at the apex of creation. From them have sprung a wholesome liberty and a true union of states. Let them be, as Daniel Webster once said, "*Now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

The Press.

"The press! What is the press?" I cried;

When thus a wondrous voice replied:

"In me all human knowledge dwells;

The oracle of oracles,

Past, present, future, I reveal,

Or, in oblivious silence seal;

What I preserve can perish never,

What I forego is lost forever.

"I speak all dialects; by me

The deaf may hear, the blind may see,

The dumb converse, the dead of old

Communion with the living hold:

All lands are one beneath my rule,

All nations learners in my school;

Men of all ages everywhere,

Become contemporaries there.

"I am an omnipresent soul;
I live and move throughout the whole;
The things of darkness I lay bare,
And though unseen and everywhere,
I quicken minds from natures sloth,
Fashion their forms, sustain their growth;
And when my influence flags or flies,
Matter may live, but spirit dies.

"All that philosophers have sought,
Science discovered, genius wrought;
All that reflective memory stores,
Or rich imagination pours;
All that the wit of man conceives,
All that he wishes, hopes, believes;
All that he loves, or fears, or hates,
All that to heaven or earth relates,

—These are the lessons that I teach
In speaking silence, silence speech.

"Ah! who like me can bless or curse?

What can be better, what be worse,
Than language framed for Paradise,
Or sold to infamy and vice?

Blest be the man by whom I bless,
And shame on him who wrongs the press!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LII.

RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

COWPER.

As men, women and children have rights to be respected, so have animals. They have a right to be well treated. They cannot speak and make known their wants and wishes and they are often made to suffer for this reason. They are beaten and abused without just cause. In fact there is never any reason to strike and abuse dumb animals, for it is to be inferred that they do as well as they know how to do, and would do better if they could.

They have a right to be treated fairly, a right to be respected.

Animals are subject to heat and cold, they are susceptible to pleasure and to pain.

They are curious, and some have large imitation.

They are sagacious, affectionate, have some vanity and a good deal of jealousy. They can be educated in a degree, and, without doubt, exercise, in no small measure, the powers of reasoning. They are faithful, in some instances, as to dogs, unto death.

We should treat animals with great kindness and consideration, especially domestic animals, not only

because they are dependent upon us, but because it is right to treat all creatures kindly.

Morality teaches we should treat with absolute justice all creatures, great or small, whether depending upon us or not, no matter what their origin and future destiny.

That person is not far advanced, morally, who recognizes no right of beings, save those found in his own circle of living. He, who would wilfully neglect or injure the dumb creatures in his charge, would hardly hesitate to abuse and injure members of his own household.

If the dumb animals who are exposed to the cold of winter, or, who are left to wallow in filth and mud, if the poor over-driven and overloaded horses, who toil painfully up our hills, if the cows who are fed upon swill and other refuse, who long for good food, and pure water, could place their grievances before courts of justice, and ask for redress, how ashamed and mortified would be their cruel and unfeeling owners! How infinitely inferior would they appear to the beasts that they wrong.

The individual of large moral understanding sees at once, that we should be kind and tender-hearted toward everything that lives and breathes, because we are intelligent and reasonable beings, and our natural benevolence should teach us to treat properly all creatures in our care, whether as pets, helps in our business, or guardians of our property.

In Egypt and India there is a belief that the souls of men, after death, reappear in animals. Believers in this doctrine are universally patient, gentle and respectful toward the animal creation, since, as they

affirm, they do not know that their ancestors may not be living in some of them.

Undoubtedly, some of the ancient fairy tales of enchantment may be traced to this belief.

That man is not far progressed from wild brutes, is the fact that there can be found those who train dogs and fowl to fight each other; that, in civilized communities, among those calling themselves men, there can be found enough to assemble in a crowd, to witness such horrible scenes as dog fights and cock fights who will look on, bet large sums of money, and applaud these disgraceful scenes. In ancient Rome it was a custom to celebrate great events or the death of great men by gladiatorial exhibitions. The gladiators were slaves and made to take a solemn oath that they would fight till victory or death ensued. If they did not fight with each other, they fought with beasts who were kept in a wild, and nearly famished state, for that purpose.

It is told that Titus gave an exhibition when the great Colosseum was dedicated in which five thousand wild beasts were slain. These dedicatory exercises lasted for a hundred days.

In the time of the Emperor Trajan, there was a great exhibition prolonged for three months, in which two thousand men fought, either with each other or wild beasts, until they were killed. This contest drew together seventy thousand Romans who found pleasure in witnessing these revolting and most shocking murders. It is a remnant of such barbarism, that, in our own time and in our own country, causes men to train for prize fighters, whose exploits are published in all the papers, who are laden with honors and presents, and adorned with belts and medals.

It is also a part of the same brutal nature, that permits those calling themselves ladies and gentlemen, to engage in hunting foxes to the death, an amusement that neither elevates nor educates moral sentiment.

The bull-fights in Spain and in Mexico, are of the same degrading nature.

It is a low state of morals that can witness men pound and beat each other. It indicates an unfeeling, unthinking, and a selfish nature, to lead an animal into the arena to be torn, bitten, mangled and goaded to death.

It is in the same line to hunt a hare, or any animal, with hounds until the poor creature, panting and fainting, drops dead from fear, pain and exhaustion.

Dogs have often been worried and tortured until they have bitten some one, and then killed for the act they were made to do. A story is told of a brutal man, who, having incurred the animosity of a beautiful St. Bernard dog by abuse, was bitten by the animal. The man told his owner that if he should be bitten again by the dog he should kill him. Not long after, passing that way, the dog nipped at his pantaloons as he passed. The man with one blow from the cudgel that he carried, struck the dog dead on the spot. He immediately commenced a series of fierce blows upon his dead body. The owner coming up said, "I perceive you have killed my dog—why do you persist in beating him now that he is dead?" The man shrieked in fierce, vindictive wrath: "I want this dog to understand there is such a thing as punishment after death!"

To willfully and wantonly take the life of the songsters in the forest, to stop the sweet and flowing

song, to hush the trilling note, to still the tremble of the throat, to dull the sparkle of the eye, is cruel sport. It blunts the moral nature, and lowers the standard of true manhood. A far more manly recreation is it, to protect these happy serenaders from that which would destroy and mutilate.

It bespoke a kind heart in the lad who had raised his gun to shoot a bird, and then, suddenly dropped it; and when asked why he did not shoot, replied, "I couldn't, cos he sung so!"

It does not speak highly for the moral development of man that societies are organized, and agents appointed for the protection of animals from heartless and abusive men.

Let us try for the development, and better unfoldment of human nature, and the cultivation of the moral forces so that people will be ashamed to have such societies in existence.

Domestic animals are indispensable to the comfort of humanity and are entitled to, and worthy of all care and kindness.

With the highest moral development of man, brutality, revenge, retaliation in anger, abuse and cruelty toward the human race, and all lower orders of animals, cease.

That which we would not like done to ourselves we should never do, wantonly, even to the lowest of the animal creation.

He who respects the rights of animals will be regardful of the rights of men.

ANDROCLUS.

Androclus was a Roman slave, and is said to have lived in the early part of the first century.

His master, as the story goes, was very unkind and tyrannical toward him. One day when he could bear the insults and severity of his master no longer, he ran away. A search was made for him, and he was captured and returned to his cruel owner, who, to punish him and set an example for other slaves, condemned him to be devoured by wild beasts in a circus. Sadly Androclus awaited his fate, from which, it seemed, there was no redress or reprieve. At length the fateful day arrived, and Androclus was led, fainting and trembling, into the arena, where at the same time a hungry lion, almost starved for the very occasion, was loosed from his cage to meet and tear instantly in pieces the unhappy slave. But what was the amazement of the people who had gathered to witness the scene to see the starving lion rush fiercely forward, and then pausing, walk gently toward Androclus and affectionately lick his hand, caressing thus in his dumb way the victim placed there to appease his hunger! The audience sat in speechless bewilderment for a moment, and then cheer upon cheer rent the air as Androclus patted the head of the lion, returning his mute caress.

The story coming to the ears of the emperor, he sent for Androclus and inquired if he could tell the reason for the action of the lion. Androclus then related that when he ran away from his master he sought refuge in a cave. After a while a lion came in limping. Something seemed to be the matter with his leg, and he was apparently suffering terribly. Instead of attacking the man, as one would suppose he would do, he held up his paw and moaned. Androclus examined the paw and found it pierced by a thorn, which

he carefully extracted. The lion appeared grateful for the relief from pain and made no effort to hurt him, but, on the contrary, he attached himself to the man, and brought him food, and by his conduct manifested a desire for his companionship and friendship. When Androclus was captured the lion was taken also, but it was not known that the two were friends.

The emperor was so pleased with the story that he ordered Androclus to be set at liberty, and presented him with the lion, who ever afterward followed him everywhere he went, his most faithful friend and attendant.

This story illustrates the fact that kindness and good deeds, done even to animals, have a wonderful power. We are never sorry for being kind, but unkindness brings not only sorrow to others, but many regrets to ourselves as well as to all concerned.

LIII.

RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

The earth was green, the sky was fair,
And life to them was then and there;
Their future in "to-morrow" lay
Their past was lost in "yesterday." JEFFREY.

The world has been slow to learn that men have rights, slower still to comprehend that little children have rights as sacred as life and happiness—the greatest of all rights.

Do you see the hospitals, reformatories, asylums and penitentiaries in every city? Did you ever ask why these establishments of brick, wood and stone, had to be erected? If the rights of children had been thought of, cared for and respected all along, would these painful and unwelcome followers of civilization have appeared at all? No.

The trouble is people have been discussing, and still continue to discuss, and deal with results, instead of causes. The forces that produce the undesired effects have not been heeded.

Some think that jails and almshouses are necessary adjuncts of civilization. Do you think this is true? Do you believe these abominations ought to be regarded as necessary evils, that must be provided for, and nothing said, no remonstrance given, or inquiries made, wherefore?

Do you think, if lives were pure, upright and morally true, that such curses of the present time as are seen on all sides, would be apparent?

If children were taught the highest morality and that it must be lived daily and hourly, for its own sake, should we see the blind, the deaf, the impotent, the idiotic and insane, everywhere, as to day? These unfortunates are the mute protests against lives of ignorance and immorality. Though mute, yet they speak in thunder tones to you and to all, commanding all to live according to the highest and truest moral laws. These commands must be obeyed if we would be healthy, happy and free from taint of disease and crime.

The rights of children are pre-eminent.

Children are entitled to the best this world affords. The first right of a child is to be well-born, i. e., born with good, physical health. It has a right to be born into a home where there are good conditions, right principles. It has a right to the inheritance of good qualities. It has a right to good environment in its home and social life. It has a right to be born of a clear, clean, pure and honest life in father and mother.

The next right of a child is to proper training and education, to the best and noblest moral teaching.

He has a right to know the laws of his being, the moral laws that will guide him safely over the billows and breakers of the ocean of life. He has a right to know all the glorious stars that shine in a virtuous and noble life.

It is his right to know his origin and, so far as possible, his future destiny.

Asking for information upon any topic, it is his right to be correctly informed.

Knowledge is to be acquired in some way, knowledge of all the great mysteries of life and being.

If it does not come in a proper and legitimate channel, it is sure to be found in some obscure or questionable avenue. A child has a right to an honest answer to every honest question.

Much crime, many mishaps, a great amount of pain and sorrow, might be spared children by intelligent and wise teaching.

Sin, suffering and wrong might be avoided and the moral tone lifted, instead of lowered, by judicious and wholesome instruction, in the physiological structure of the human body. The child has a right to know how to take proper care of his body, to be informed how to live rightly and well; how to live so that he may be respected, and how to respect himself. He has a right to know how to exercise his reasoning faculties upon all subjects—a right to know the means by which he may avoid pain, and increase pleasure.

He has a right to know the simple truth and the way to make it useful to himself and to others.

He has a right to know the way to be a producer as well as a consumer. He has a right to be taught how to make a living—to be self-supporting—to learn the use of his good right hand.

As every child has the right to good treatment and to be respected, so is it incumbent upon all children to treat others well, and to respect everybody.

The purpose of true education and moral training is to develop and bring out the best that is in the child. He is to grow up, become a citizen, a business factor, a parent, in all probability, and the knowledge he receives he is to impart to others. Because he is

to take a part in the activities of life as a member of society, to guide, direct, and deal with others, it is therefore necessary that he abstain from wrong-doing, and strive, to the best of his ability to do good, to live rightly, justly and temperately.

The rights he takes to himself, he will not deny to others, and he will take no right that will injure another.

Children are all men and women in embryo, that is, little men and little women.

Truth, honor, love, justice and reason are for them the same as for their elders. All the qualities of true manhood and noble womanhood are inherent in them and are brought out by time, training and circumstances.

Restraint is sometimes necessary and proper, for children are ignorant always, until taught better.

It is by beginning early, in ways of nobleness and right living, that people become perfect in them.

It is easy to begin right, and then, when one is old he will not depart from the right, or, he will be less apt to do so.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," said old Judge Dewey, of Yellow Mound City, when his wife begged him for the third time to remember to eat with his fork at her approaching dinner party; "I'll try not to forget, my dear, but I wasn't brought up to it. Folks ought to do what they are brought up to."

He did not remember at the dinner party. His knife went to his mouth a dozen times. Next day, when the family was dining alone, the old judge detected his youngest son, Frank, with his knife at his lips.

"Eating with your knife, sir? Leave the table!"

thundered the old judge. "You'll eat bread and milk till further orders."

"Really, papa, I think you are too hard on poor Frankie," said Mrs. Dewey, as the little fellow left the table. The faces of the elder boys and the grown up daughters showed that they agreed with their mother.

"He ate with his knife," growled the old man.

"So did you at the dinner," retorted Mrs. Dewey, severely.

"Don't I know it!" returned the judge. "Don't I know it! I eat with my knife because I was brought up to it, but that boy wasn't brought up to it. None of my children was brought up to it, and if I catch one of 'em doing it, as sure as I live, I'll lock em up on spoon victuals till they learn the use of a fork!"—

LIV.

HUMAN RIGHTS; OR, THE EQUALITY OF MAN.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

[DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. *Adopted July 4th, 1776.*]

Nothing is wider from the mark than that all are equal in all respects. There are weakly, sickly beings and others, strong, robust, healthy—people endowed with great mental capacity and those weak and inferior in this respect—some are of one color, some of another, as the Asiatic or Mongolian race, the Caucasian and the African, each showing varying types, and indicating different qualities of mental and physical vigor.

But, in regard to the right to life, to liberty, to enjoyment of the pure air and the clear water, to sunlight and moonlight, to the privileges that Nature bountifully gives, to the happiness of health, home and affection, these are natural and inalienable, belonging as much to one as to another. Upon this strong, broad basis of American liberty, is also the freedom to think, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom to engage in any pursuit leading to pleasure, providing it does not hinge or infringe upon the rights

of another. And, as we have no right to impinge upon the rights of others, so no living being has any right to interfere with our just rights and privileges. That power or organization, whatever it may be, that does not admit the natural rights of every human being, be he high or low, rich or poor, is not a good power, not a trustworthy organization, and none should lend aid or influence to it.

Human rights are equal rights.

We are all of one common origin—the earth.

The composition of our bodies are all of similar particles. We are kindred of the rock, the minerals and the metals. Is there not lime, sulphur, carbon, silex, iron, etc., in the tissues and fibres, the bones and muscles of all?

Are not the gases within us, as in the air we breathe, the water we drink? And the substance of all human, all animal bodies is the same. And at last, do we not all retire and sleep upon the same bed of dust, our particles slowly resolving back again to our common mother, Earth?

The blessed rain falls for us all alike. The great sun sheds his warm and healthful rays for all, share and share alike.

There is no monopoly of air, water, sun and dew.

And, all the world over, human nature seems of about the same quality, differing only in respect to education, training, growth, polish; those nations showing the highest perfection that have received the best development, the aids of progress and reform. What Shylock, the Jew, said, applies everywhere.

“Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with

the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and, if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that."

Humanity is thus of one origin, but of different ways of thinking. Born in different countries, of educated or uneducated parents of various conditions, as to wealth or poverty, taught variously, but honestly, as to religions, yet all equal in natural rights. In this particular, no one man, no set of men, should have any jurisdiction whatever.

No one should arrogate authority over the life, liberty and the happiness of another.

These are gifts of Nature belonging to all, to exercise, save those who violate these natural gifts and the laws that govern them, to the injury of others and the community. When this is done, by the unerring law of justice to the whole, such dangerous persons are restrained of the full exercise of life, liberty and happiness.

Government was instituted for the purpose of securing the natural rights of individuals, and to protect them in the just and warranted exercise of the same. This is done by the wise enactment and carrying out of laws bearing upon the welfare of the whole.

When a law is proven to be unwise and unjust it can be annulled, and a superior one made in its place.

Our government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. It cannot interfere with the

natural and inalienable rights of its citizens. Freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom to engage in any legitimate pursuit leading to happiness and support, are essentially human rights and these uphold the fabric of a free government as its most essential props and pillars.

Governments change, according as people become enlightened, or dissatisfied with the old order of things. That which is suitable to one age may be entirely unsuited to another. The two principal forms of government at the present time are the monarchical and the republican.

It is thought by many that a republican form of government is best because the powers are vested in the people, that it is a government, as Lincoln said, "Of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Under the Declaration of Independence the form of the U. S. Government has been changed but once.

At first it was a simple Confederacy of the original thirteen colonies. It was found, however, after a few years of trial, that this confederacy could be improved upon, and it was changed to our present Constitutional Republic.

Freedom of speech and freedom of the press go hand in hand with natural rights.

Still another important right of free men living in a free country is the right of conscience in the exercise of religious matters.

It may be justly termed the

RELIGIOUS RIGHTS.

Under the Constitution of the United States, the personal rights of every individual are guaranteed. The

Constitution expressly declares that—"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

In a country composed as is this, of persons of all nationalities, there are many, and various modes of belief and worship.

Each individual has a perfect right to the enjoyment of his religion in anyway that he may think proper, providing he does not interfere with the peace, safety and happiness of others.

No one has any right to compel another to conform to his way of thinking and believing.

The Jew, the many different Protestant sects, the one Catholic church, followers of the Greek faith, the Chinese, the Mahomedan, the Parsee, the Buddhist, the Swedenborgian, the Spiritualist, the Salvation Army, the Agnostic, and all the multitude of religious or non-religious parties, have each a perfect right to his own particular mode of belief, and nobody can lawfully prohibit, or interfere with the same.

Each may believe himself right in his doctrine, and he shall enjoy it as he pleases, day-time night-time or any time he desires, according to dictates of his conscience. No one shall harm or hurt him in his devotions, unless his methods lead him into fanatical frenzy, to the destruction of human life or, to the neglect of family obligations, as to support and care, or to the disregard of moral obligations, to the indulgence of polygamous and adulterous relations, when the law must interfere to restrain him from violence, and protect the citizens of the state and country, morally.

Force cannot be used to cause people to believe

any dogma, or to attend upon any particular mode of worship.

He who obeys the laws under which he lives, both state and moral, discharges his obligations, politically, socially and morally, is a good citizen, whatever may be his religious belief, or preference.

Human rights recognize the brotherhood of the entire human race. If some are lower than others in the scale of being, it is because they have not received the advantages of real instruction; the facts of morality have not been presented in such a light, as to enable them to appreciate justly their position as members of the great human family, with a birthright to all physical and moral good obtainable.

The fact that all are brothers and sisters should be kept always in view; and, that the rights of one are those of every other, without any reference to creed, color or nationality.

Accustom yourself to think every other person has as good a right to his opinion as you have to yours. Be fair. Be honest. Be kind. Be brotherly. Obey the law of the land. Obey the moral law. By these bright paths you reach the gates of happiness.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

One day all the learned men and women sat together in a temple disputing as to happiness. One said it was to possess wealth. Another said it was to have power, and another thought fame was productive of the greatest happiness. One thought to be ruler over many things was happiness and one said it was to have enough of this world's goods, and to live in the midst of loving children. One said happiness came

by keeping the commandments. Another said it consisted in helping the poor, relieving the destitute and bestowing alms generally.

A little fair-haired girl who had listened attentively, while she wove roses in a chaplet, looked up smiling. "I think," said she, "happiness is found in being kind, just and true to all; in being good to one's self, and good to all the inhabitants of the world. It is better than wealth, better than power, better than fame, better than kingly rule, better than living in the midst of loving children, better than alms giving. It is unselfishness. It is loving your neighbor as yourself."

The wise men and wise women looked at each other and acquiesced in that which the child had spoken. One gray-haired sire arose and said "The child hath spoken wisely. Happiness is found in the great love we bear toward our race, and the desire and ability we exercise toward improving its condition."

He continued. "Seneca tells us that 'Nature hath made us all relatives. It made us from the same materials and for the same destinies. She planted in us a mutual love and fitted us for a social life. What is a Roman knight, or freedman, or slave? They are but names springing from ambition or from injury.' Are we not all citizens and a part of the great world? Are we not all brothers? And shall we not first think of the good of the whole, kindly, justly, tenderly, unselfishly? Is not this the full bloom of the tree of life? It is the ideal that shall become real. It is the perfect rose of humanity. It is found in the exercise of brotherly love. Let us all seek to wear this beautiful flower."

As the aged man took his seat, the little girl who

had then finished the weaving of the chaplet of roses, placed it gently upon his bowed head, and the fresh, bright flowers gave perfume to the words spoken by the lips of experience and wisdom.

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LV.

MORAL CLEANLINESS.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss wherein we dwell. COLLINS.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. SCRIPTURE.

A pet cat belonging to a wealthy lady had fallen into a cesspool. Managing to emerge from the pool, the animal walked into the house and into the drawing-room, where in all her uncleanness she reclined upon a velvet cushion. Imagine the shriek of dismay that went up from the refined lady of the house upon discovering the cat in her unfortunate condition.

Morally, one who has fallen into the cesspool of vice and shame is in just such a situation as was the cat.

Every movement of his is a voice crying out "Unclean! Unclean!" And would not those who are cleanly and pure themselves, especially the friends of the victims of uncleanness, often shriek in pain and agony if they could see the condition of the immoral?

One gets into the depths of impurity, not all at once, not always with one plunge. Step by step, inch by inch, the path leads down the hill.

A train of ills and sorrows follows the unchaste and the impure. Men and women, boys and girls, have been ruined for life, by immorality and vice, beginning, perhaps by harboring impure thoughts, which finally culminated in impure acts.

A person becomes known by the company he keeps. Do you associate with the immoral, the low and degraded? You will be classed as one of the same type. Neither by personal contact or association in thought, should you keep company with the immoral and the unchaste.

But, you say it is not wrong to think.

It is wrong to think wrong.

True, we are held amenable to law by our deeds only, but there is a higher moral law to which we are answerable.

If we hold converse with the degraded, mix with them in the vile story, the coarse jest, in unbridled fancy and imagination, we are so far lowered in our own self-respect. We descend from a moral height to grovel in the depths of uncleanness. To think licentiously makes one licentious inwardly. He may be restrained from open acts on account of the civil laws, but, in mind, he is on a level with the unrestrained and impure. No one should associate in thought with those with whom he would not mingle in society.

With a view to help the fallen, to lift them from degradation to a higher life, it is right to meet all on the true plane of brotherhood, but, to fall into their loose and dissolute ways, to be one with them in person and in thought, is moral degradation.

Aside from the society of the unchaste from which the wise will flee as from the greatest danger, are the vile pictures, representations of immorality, printed stories of most questionable import.

Immoral books are the poison that destroys many an otherwise pure and virtuous person.

Turn from everything of the sort, if you would

preserve the pure, sweet, healthful tone of your mental nature. Obscene publications are the starting point of many a downward career. By many paths they lead to misery, disease, insanity, the poor-house and prison.

Do not suffer your eyes to so much as look upon any print or publication which you would be ashamed to show to your mother. Such vile and improper objects are the poisonous exhalations of depraved humanity. They fire the imagination, suggest the low and lascivious company, and, if indulged in, soon destroy the beautiful and true in moral and physical life.

As tobacco, alcohol, opium, morphine and the like, when used to excess, kill the sources of strength and power, so do the immoral publications work insidiously upon the intellectual nature, stunting its growth and loveliness, until it sinks beneath its load of miasma, and falls a poor, demented wreck, a ruin of former purity.

Some people delight in the ribald song, the vulgar joke, the gross idea, the repartee with a half concealed double meaning, that brings a blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

Shun the company of such and copy not their ways. "Keep thy lips from guile," and preserve the purity of thought and speech. How?

By a firm and resolute determination to do nothing, say nothing, think nothing but that which is pure, lofty, noble. Establish the habit of right thinking, right talking, right doing, and this accomplished, you are safe from the destroyer. There is not a more priceless pearl than purity of mind and thought. Self-re-

spect bids all to turn from the debasing allurements that lead to but one goal, corruption and destruction.

Let the thought and the conversation be of the high and virtuous character that uplifts and ennobles, that strengthens and enriches. Thus will you become an honor to yourself and to society, helpful, and a tower of strength to others around you.

Society does not need or desire the immoral and degraded. It does want the pure, the upright, the moral.

It is your duty as an intelligent human being to be chaste and cleanly. Be as careful of the clothing of the mind as of the outward apparel. Let no smirch or smut soil the pure garments of thought. Be cleanly, inside and outside. Thus will you attain an honest, sterling character, of high moral excellence. This is the grand ultimatum of education.

Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, when at Worms, was accustomed to stop at a first-class hotel patronized by the elite of the officers in garrison.

Whenever Schopenhauer got down to his place at the table, he pulled out a bright gold piece, put it before his plate, and, in getting up, carefully pocketed it again. Several of the noble officers, having observed this little game during three consecutive days, made bold to ask his reason for it. "What is your pleasure?" replied the philosopher. "I am somewhat after the style of Diogenes, and I have vowed to give this gold piece to a beggar on the day you and your colleagues stop your low, vile talk about women and horses. I have been waiting ten years."

The true man will be as chaste and pure in thought, expression and in act, as he expects woman to be.

The chastity demanded of one sex should be exactly

that of the other. This is in accord with the law of equity and justice. Moral men are as much a necessity of true living as moral women.

Where women are degraded, enslaved and held in light esteem, there is no lofty moral standard among men.

LVI.

POLITENESS. THE GENTLEMAN.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech!
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in it,
As he comes up the stair.

JEAN ADAMS.

Without morality we would be a miserable people.
Without politeness we would be a beastly people.

Politeness, or good manners, is no more or less than human good sense. It is kindness, gentleness, thoughtfulness, unselfishness, consideration of others first, yourself last.

Of what avail would be all our laws if, back of them, following them, with them, were not good manners.

When the sun comes over the hills in the morning, did you ever note the gladness that seems to spread imperceptibly everywhere, along with the diffusing light? The birds burst forth into sweeter song, the flowers lift their heads, and the dew sparkles with prismatic beauty before the advancing sun rays, the flood of new light, new warmth and new beauty. So gracefully do good manners become the man, woman and child.

The laws of the land, many of them are but expressions of politeness and the manners of a civilized race. We are bound by the laws of our mutual dependence, to be kindly toward one another, courteous and amia-

ble. Politeness may be termed the breath of a healthy civilization.

To be really polite is to mean what you say.

It is to be sincere in word and deed.

It is not, to be patronizing or condescending toward another.

It is not in speaking kindly, or in doing a favor, to talk or act as though you were stooping to it from a superior station in life.

Good breeding will show itself in any rank in society. The operative in the mill, the mechanic at the bench, the hostler in the stable, the servant girl in the kitchen, may be as polite, and, in many cases, is more so, than the millionaire and titled lord. The real gentleman will show himself under any garb, and politeness becomes alike, both king and subject.

A little story is told of a negro lifting his hat to General Washington and the general politely returned the salute. A person in the company of the distinguished first President of the United States, remonstrated with him at his act in thus noticing a poor negro, and asked why he did so. "Because," was the reply, "I would not have a negro outdo me in politeness. To be treated politely is as much his due as it is mine."

Politeness is an acquisition all may possess if they wish, and it is one that all should strive for. The humblest toiler that attends the machinery of a cotton mill may be as noble a gentleman in this respect, as the lordly owner of many mills.

The real gentleman does not appear always beneath a covering of fine clothes or much jewelry. He is discovered by his acts.

A poor beggar woman was once carrying a heavy basket of "cold pieces." A gentleman, for he was that, overtaking her, said, "My good woman, that basket is heavy. Allow me to carry it for you." He took the basket upon his own arm, walked along by the side of the woman in scant and tattered raiment, to the door of her squalid abode, entered with her, noted her needs and the needs of her children, and supplied them, furnished her with employment and made her self-supporting. This man was not widely known to the world but he was a great man, a gentleman.

A gentleman will not be guilty of a mean or an ungracious act, but he is ever doing something to please, to help, to benefit others. He is honest, honorable, true, and he assumes no virtue that he does not possess. His moral nature, educated and refined by reason, made beautiful by self-respect, leads him to respect all, and treat all with kindness and gentleness.

To be a gentleman is to be simply a *good* man to scorn meanness in any, and every form.

It is to have a fine, noble character.

It is to have honor and principle, steadfastness, frankness.

It is to be true to the truth, to despise a falsehood. It is to walk uprightly.

It is to be fair to all. It is to be thoughtful, conscientious, considerate of everyone, no matter what his condition, lofty or lowly.

It is beautifully told of Sir Ralph Abercromby, when he was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was being carried on a litter to the war vessel, the *Foudroyant*. Some one brought a soldier's blanket,

folded it and placed it under his head. It made him more comfortable, for he was suffering great pain. Suddenly he asked what it was they had placed beneath his head. "It is only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "*Whose* blanket is it?" he asked. "Only one of the men's." "But *whose* blanket is it? I wish to know the name of the man to whom it belongs." "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph," said the attendant. "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

Many foolishly suppose it is rank, wealth, high position that makes the gentleman. It is not so. These things never do make a gentleman, never can. A boy once talking with a mechanic said, "Now, there is Professor—. He teaches in a college. He wears good clothes. I call him a gentleman."

"But am I not a gentleman, too?" inquired the mechanic.

"Oh, no! look at your hard hands, your overalls, your box of tools that you carry on your shoulder. You are not a gentleman."

"Well, you are a little weak-minded, foolish boy. I am a carpenter. I behave myself and I respect myself. My hard work helped to educate Professor—, who is my brother, and I am just as much a gentleman as he is."

"Did you ever read," he continued, "how the Scottish poet Burns was once pulled over the coals by a young Edinburgh fop with whom he was walking, because he recognized an honest farmer in the street? "'Why, you fantastic gomeral,'" says Burns "'it was not the great coat, the scone bonnet and the saunders boot hose that I spoke to, but the *man* that was in

them ; and, the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

The real gentleman is not afraid of any honest employment. He is pleased that he is able to earn his living by his labor.

He carries constantly a sense of his own true manhood.

He holds his head erect and dares to look any man straight in the face.

He pays his debts and is glad to do it. He fears nothing but to do wrong.

He does the right on all occasions, so far as he is able to, although he is sometimes liable to mistakes, but when he perceives them he is quick to rectify them.

He is honest, true, sincere; he is philanthropic, industrious, frugal, and lives up to his standard of right living, at home and abroad, because he knows this way is promotive of happiness and good feeling.

The gentleman, is the good citizen.

He is the star that shines amid the dark deeds of a naughty world.

WHO ARE THE GENTRY?

The young brother of an English nobleman was present at a dinner party in New York at one time. He expressed himself with commendable freedom as to his opinion of America and its people. "I—ah—do not—ah—altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for—ah—this—reason—you—ah—have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked one. "Well—ah—you know—ah," replied the Englishman, "well—ah—gentry are those—ah—who

never—ah—do any work themselves, and—ah—whose fathers before them—ah—never did any." "Why," exclaimed his interlocutor, "then there are plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry; we call them tramps!"

Those are the best manners which raise you in the opinion of others, without sinking you in your own.

LVII.

POLITENESS—CONTINUED. THE GENTLEWOMAN.

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman. SHAKESPEARE.

The same rules, as to good manners and politeness that apply to man, apply also, to woman. While it is neither right or just to expect more from woman than from man, from a girl than a boy, yet society has fallen into such a habit. Woman would be looked upon as a horrible creature, did she use tobacco and go about expectorating upon the public streets and in public hallways; or did she pollute the air with vile cigar smoke, taint her breath and her clothing with the same, and appear in public with a meerschaum, or a common clay pipe, in her mouth. She would appear most disgusting, did she habitually have her mouth filled with profane and inelegant language; or, if she were a frequenter of clubs or places of bad resort, frequently appearing in those places, and in her home, so much under the influence of intoxicating beverages as to be unable to attend to her work, or to entertain her friends. She would be considered vulgar and immoral. The conduct and manners that would not be tolerated in a woman ought not to be countenanced in a man, for that which is right for one sex is right for the other, and nothing is right for either sex that is debasing and degrading.

The genuine gentlewoman, the same as the gentleman is always polite, courteous, thoughtful for the happiness of others. There are many little acts insignificant in themselves, but of great value in the aggregate—that go far toward adding to the beauty of social life.

The "sweet small courtesies" make home lovely and invest every place with a distinct glory, and every person with a distinct grace. How the heart goes out to the one who scatters bright words and happy smiles, like sweet-scented flowers, wherever he or she appears!

How simple it is to say "Good-morning" and yet those two words, well spoken, have made sunshine in many an otherwise dreary place. A warm, earnest grasp of the hand has conveyed health and strength to many a weary heart. "Take care of yourself," when meant and felt by the speaker, has been like a soft, warm mantle on a chilly day to many a hard, toil-worn man and woman. He, or she, who drops cheery words along the pathway of others, is a benefactor to the human race, and the words they utter linger on memory's ear like sweetest music. "Civility costs nothing and buys everything." Like mercy, "it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

A lady, one day, hurrying along the street, accidentally pushed against a little ragged boy in her haste. "I beg your pardon," said she, as courteously as if he had been a prince.

"You may knock me down," said the little urchin "if you want to." "It's the first time," said he, turning to a companion, "that a lady ever axed my parding!" Of a similar character is the following:

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from

a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation the lady turned and said to the boy :

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and one December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a lady who was with her :

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while, though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said :

"Pardon me, madame, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that the simple "Thank you" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

If all would be natural, kindly affectioned, one toward another, how much brighter and more beautiful this world might be. We may, by care and effort, form a habit of happy thinking, and when once formed, it

is of priceless value, for it spreads itself and extends happiness to others.

Success in life largely depends upon good behavior and good manners.

An angular, eccentric, rude, boisterous way of speaking and acting, does not win. Some affect this mode for the sake of notice, but it is not attractive.

It is tolerated, sometimes, because of wealth or position of parties, but is never received like the sweet and modest graces of true politeness and a gentle demeanor.

One may be original, and should, indeed, so endeavor to be, but originality is never brusqueness.

The gentlewoman, and the gentle girl are recognized by their deportment toward their associates, at home, in school, in society, in business, wherever they may be, in all stations of life.

Discretion, tact, forbearance, kindness are wanted in every department of life's work. Is the little girl, or big girl, snappish and snarling at home to her brothers and sisters, to her parents, and does she go stamping, poutingly, frowningly to the tasks appointed her? In school is she cross, peevish, sullen to teacher and playmate, selfish and exacting? In society does she treat this one with favor and that one with disfavor? Does she fawn upon the rich, and frown upon the poor? How does she regard subordinates? how treat her servants? Is she kind toward them, respectful and attentive to their needs and wishes? Is she considerate of their feelings, charitable toward their faults and failings, forgiving their mistakes and helping them to do better? Is she mindful of their qualities, and, does she remember that their work well

done, is as worthy as her labor in art or embroidery.

When Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, he was accustomed to take long walks daily, attended by Mrs. Balcombe. Upon one occasion they were obliged to stop in order for the servants to pass on the road with some heavy boxes they were carrying. Mrs. B. in an angry and loud tone of voice, desired them to keep back until they, Napoleon and herself, had passed.

Napoleon said **No**, the servants should go on with their work and turning to Mrs. B. said, "Madame, Respect the burden."

So should the burdens of life, and they are many, be always respected and the burden carriers, also.

The gentlewoman is recognized by her gentleness. She is kind to everybody, courteous upon all occasions, and bows to no rank save that of real worth.

She turns aside from none on account of difference in position or opinion. She does not think herself superior to another because she has finer clothes or a costlier home. She despises no one because of belief, but recognizes the fact that the rights of one are those of another, no matter what his station or opinion.

She is tolerant, charitable, agreeable and polite to every one.

In her true eyes, the greatest titles are those of good health and a clear conscience. She is firm in her convictions, but not dogmatic or dictatorial to others. Respecting herself she respects others. To her those who wear the human form are sacred. Guided by honor and principle, she is not afraid to examine and investigate all questions relative to human well-being.

She is tender, sympathetic, thoughtful for others,

and her best manners are not for guests only, but for the home and fireside. She is indeed a creature,

“Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.”

She is at all times, a true and noble woman. All this is not to say that she has no faults. No one is perfect, and the gentlewoman does not claim to be. Because she is aware of her failings, she tries to correct them and to be forbearing toward others.

The gentlewoman is the good woman.

The world is better for her being in it.

She rounds the corners of life, she smooths the rough ways, and softens the hard places. She removes the thorns and makes the flowers bloom in the deserts of life. She makes the fact apparent everywhere she goes, that—

“Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.”

LVIII.

BEST SOCIETY.

A traveller toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path, a piece of fragrant clay.
"This seems but common earth," says he, "but how
Delightful! it is full of sweetness now.
Whence is thy fragrance?" From the clay there grows
A voice, "I have been very near a rose." J. J. PRATT,
[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

A great deal is said about the best society and the entrance to it.

What is best society?

Do you say it is composed of those who possess wealth, popularity and renown?—that those who make it, dress expensively, wear jewels of great value, and attend all the fashionable balls, parties and receptions?

On the contrary, none of these things make the best society. Those who possess them must have other qualities, other special gifts and attractions, or they can never be members of society worthy to be called the best.

Fashionable society contains some ingredients, that, judged by their manners and morals, would be very unfit associates for any high-minded person.

There are many false coins among those styling themselves leaders and makers of best society.

Many keep an outward show of a fine appearance, but, inwardly, they are vile and corrupt.

Those, who carry with them the air and manner of exclusiveness, who indicate by presence and bearing, that they are a select few, that they live in a magic circle, bordered by a wealthy social distinction are not really of the finest, or most desirable texture.

What can form the very highest and the best society anywhere, but the applied principles of a true morality?

Society composed of gentlemen and gentlewomen of high moral tone, who practice the laws of reason, justice, kindness, forbearance, who, in fact, live up to the moral teachings of life, these, and these only, constitute best society, society that all may be entitled to enter, and be proud to be considered a part of.

Good behavior is a great accomplishment. Good morals are the finest of all accomplishments. They are the real value, without which no society is worth the name.

One may be wealthy, witty, famous, fashionable, highly educated, born of a long line of noble ancestry, but without good morals, he is not a good member of good society, not one whose companionship we should be desirous of cultivating.

Good morals are a part of the life we live from the cradle to the grave.

They are inseparable from civilized life. They are the chief part of social life in its finest condition.

They who are honest, painstaking, well-doing, truthful, moral, upright, whose daily lives are clean and wholesome, no matter who they are, or, where they live, are fitted to be members of the best society.

The manly character, the womanly character, he or she, who has the virtues and the practice of them,

the graces of a noble mind, a pure heart, a clear conscience, these are the sterling wealth of the finest society on earth. These are the foundation stones of a society that all should be desirous of entering.

Without these qualities one cannot feel at home in the best society, and these must be learned, practiced, over and over again, until they become a part of the being, a part of life. It is of such fibre that are made our great men and our great women.

There was once an old bishop who was renowned for his goodness and greatness. He had a stupid and idle brother who upon one occasion asked the bishop, his brother, to be kind enough to make a great man of him. "Brother" said the bishop "if your plough is broken I'll pay for the mending of it; or if your ox should die I'll buy you another; but, I cannot make a great man of you; a ploughman I found you and I fear, a ploughman I must leave you."

Unless one can have the approbation of his own mind and conscience, he cannot become a worthy member of the best society, but, unless he is able to enter it he had better remain solitary.

Artificial society is composed of artificial folks. It is not fit for real men and women.

The best society is the noblest because composed of noble, true-hearted, intelligent, moral persons. Whether they be of high birth, great wealth, fine connections, or not, it does not matter. They may have these and be worthy; or, they may have them and be most unworthy.

In seeking society, the things to be thought of are moral and physical health, virtuous conduct, and the good actions that follow these graces. A perfume emanates from such association that is grateful, help-

ful and elevating. To belong to this society is an honor, and any boy or girl, any man or woman, may reach it, by attaining to a high standard of moral behavior and intellectual grace.

Good morals are the letters of recommendation required by all true business, and social, circles.

A man advertised for an office boy. There were sixty applications. One was selected out of the lot, on sight.

"Why do you select that boy?" inquired a friend. "He did not carry a single recommendation while the other boys, each had several notes from teachers and friends." "Certainly, he had recommendations," said the merchant. "When he came in, he said 'Good morning, sir,' he closed the door carefully and not with a bang; he wiped his feet, which showed he was careful. He arose and proffered his seat to the old gentleman, which was evidence of politeness, kindness, thoughtfulness. He held his cap in his hand and answered my every question respectfully, in a gentlemanly manner. He picked up the book that I purposely laid on the floor, while the other boys stepped over it, or kicked it aside. He was quiet, orderly and patient, and stood a long time awaiting his turn, which told me he is honest and conscientious. His clothes were clean, his hair brushed with care, and his teeth were white; and when he wrote his name, I observed his finger nails were clean instead of being tipped with jet like that pompous little fellow in the velvet jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than for all the written recommendations of character he can bring me in as many hours."

LIX.

PROGRESS ; OR ENLIGHTENMENT.

Friend, go up higher.

SCRIPTURE.

Progress is our being's motto and hope. Gaining and losing in this world, rising and falling, enjoying and suffering are but the incidents of life. Learning, aspiration, progress is the hope of life. DEWEY.

There are those who constantly decry the present, and who adore the past; some who think the world has made no advancement, but, is rather going backward, especially in morals and methods of living.

This cannot be true. Great and beneficent changes and improvements are noted within the present century such as railroads, steamships, improved farm implements, friction matches, illuminating gas, and electric light; the telegraph, telephone and phonograph; the caloric engine, cooking ranges, the photograph and very many other evidences of marked progress in material points of view, may be seen on every hand. With this material progression has followed a steady advancement of morals.

Punishment for opinion's sake, belief in witchcraft, sorcery; the abolition of slavery and the slave trade; the abandonment of flogging in the U. S. Navy; the custom of selecting teachers for their ability to wield the rod—the silent putting away of these, and other relics of savagery; the establishment of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and to the an-

imal kingdom; the laws enacted for the unprotected; the new comforts added to civilization; the system of associated charities; the inclination of all toward pity and sympathy, are forceful arguments, showing the steady advance of a high moral sentiment. The old days had their virtues; but they were not superior to the present; if so, then progress would be dead.

The good qualities of the past have blossomed in the present. Flour and yeast were mixed last night that there might be good bread to-day. With better schools, nobler systems of education, the development of thought, humanity has grown larger, expanded—by no means perfect, but, showing fine growth and healthy promise.

There is displayed greater interest in moral goodness and greatness, in making the conditions of human life better, in sanitary regulations, in gradually abolishing child labor, in helpfulness to the unfortunate and weak.

The brutality that revelled in scenes of bloodshed and horror in the dim, dark ages of the past has given place to pity, sympathy and love.

There are yet however, many ills to blot out, much wrong to overcome. But all will be accomplished by the eternal law of Right.

Science with her flaming torch leads the way to still grander heights of greater blessedness.

Progress is enlightenment. It is daylight instead of darkness. Enlightenment is knowledge where once was ignorance. It is assured fact where once was doubt. It is the duty of all to become enlightened, for thus we learn better how to live, how to become better citizens, more helpful to ourselves and to one another.

"Good and evil are the circumstances of life." By enlightenment we learn the way to control them, so far as possible, to the well-being of man.

Enlightenment is the recognition of truth. It is the rejection of prejudice, delusion, superstition, error. It is illumination.

The mind should be kept open, free to receive and to perceive. Why? Because in this way only, can we arrive at enlightenment, and to that condition where we note the difference between right and wrong.

The forces of a true moral education bear directly upon opening the channels of enlightenment. How else shall we know the uses of living, the worth of the virtues.

Being enlightened we shall do the right because we shall know beyond, all doubt, that it is best.

The truly enlightened person is a better man, better woman, in the home, in society, everywhere, knows better how to utilize his powers and the powers of the universe.

People fail in life because not enlightened. Their work would be better if they knew the way to make it better. They stumble, they blunder, they err. Show them a little, and the path they tread grows bright and beautiful. The way is always upward and onward, and the command to every one is—"*Friend, go up higher.*"

LX.

WISDOM.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

SCRIPTURE.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright.
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.
I ask not that, for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be better made and glorified.

PHŒBE CARY.

Wisdom is the power of discernment. It is the crown of good judgment.

It is higher knowledge. It is wise power. Coleridge says "Wisdom is common sense in an uncommon degree." Another says "It is the use of the best means for attaining the best ends." It is true light. It is righteousness.

To possess wisdom is to be uplifted without apprehending it. It is to tread the heights of moral life.

To have wisdom is to be rich in the best wealth of life—the wealth that cannot take to itself wings and vanish, except in the dethronement of the intellect.

One may have great knowledge of books and yet lack wisdom. Some children without much knowledge, yet possess wisdom. To have wisdom is to have the capacity of seeing right, of discerning, also, the path to which the right points. It is to adapt means to an end.

It is sometimes said and generally supposed, that only the aged, those who have entered upon the "sere and yellow leaf," whose heads are gray, have wisdom.

But some in this stage of life exhibit no greater wisdom than many who are younger, and sometimes far less. And there is no reason why the young may not have wisdom if they seek for it, as well as older persons. They may lack experience, but they may acquire wisdom, and experience comes by living. There is a vast difference between knowledge and wisdom. Says Cowper,

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to her own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere material with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place.
Does not encumber whom it seem to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Wisdom is to have a sense, deep and true, of the morals, to know what they are, and knowing, to apply their use to everyday life, guiding conduct from day to day, from hour to hour, by this comprehension. By such moral understanding, is made an unbroken harmony in methods of living.

In learning wisdom, keen observation teaches much, reflection, reason, common sense are pointers and the experience of others, is helpful, strengthening, guiding power.

It is perhaps impossible for one to have wisdom in all things. But all can try to secure a little, as much as resources will permit.

To see one idling away precious time neglecting the duties of life, growing up in indolence, squandering his best days in profligacy, in gluttony, in wasteful extravagance, in ways that lead to disease and ruin, all would say, is not wisdom. But, on the contrary, to behold one who is careful, conscientious, prudent, well-behaved, well-educated, improving his time, earning his living, doing good as he goes along, living a noble, self-respecting, moral life, we would say, he is wise, he has wisdom. Those who follow his example will be wise also.

The being wise now, just at this time, and hence on, is wisdom.

"I expect," said a worthy Quaker "to pass through this world but once. If therefore there be any kindness I can show or anything I can do for my fellow-men, let me do it now. Let me not neglect or defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

So if we have wisdom the time to show it is now.

It appears in many ways, and is free to all.

Wisdom is the application of all the good we know to the whole of life. It is the carrying out to the letter, all moral intentions.

It is the obligation we are under to live a true and noble life, the best life possible. This we owe to ourselves as intelligent reasoning beings. We owe it to our friends and neighbors, to the citizens of the community, and of the world of which we are one and a part, to be wise, true, honest men and women. Right-living is wisdom.

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